Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
OCTOBER 1993 $10.95*

BLACK LABEL
EDITION

Self Defence
When does it become a crime?

Sin City
Postcards from Kings Cross

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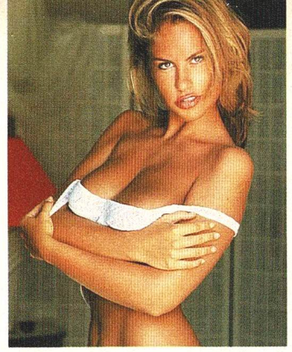
Australian PENTHOUSE

The International Men's Magazine/Vol 14 No. 10/October 1993 Black Label



Cover by Denys Defrancesco

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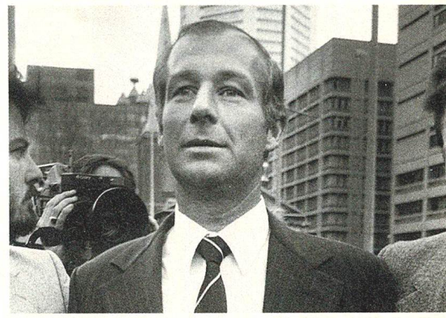

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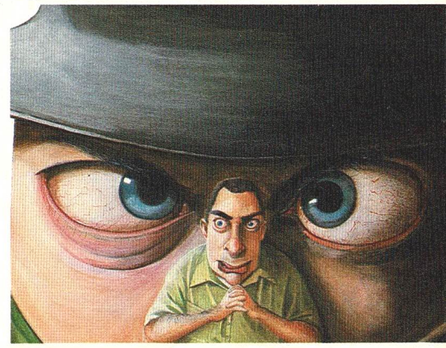

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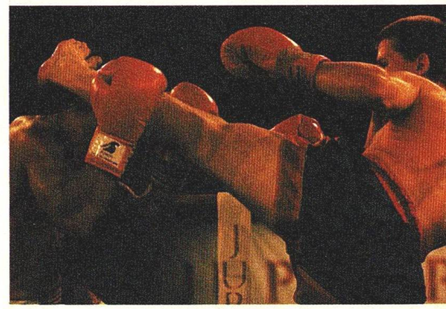

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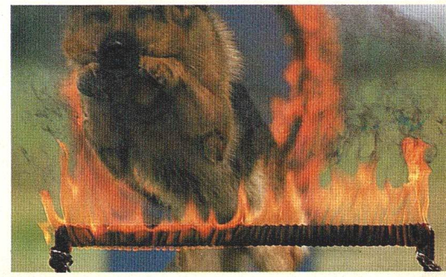
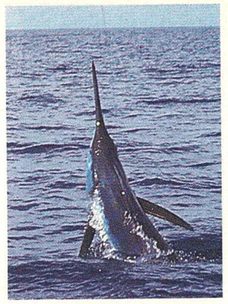
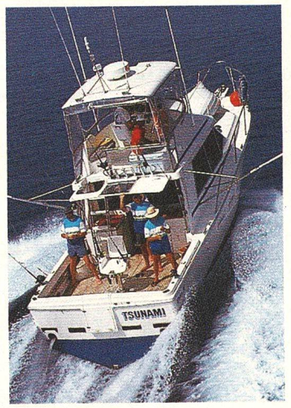
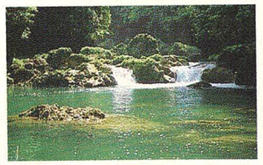
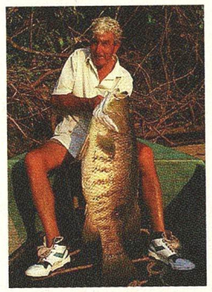


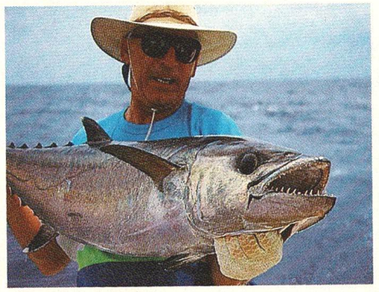
Working like a dog

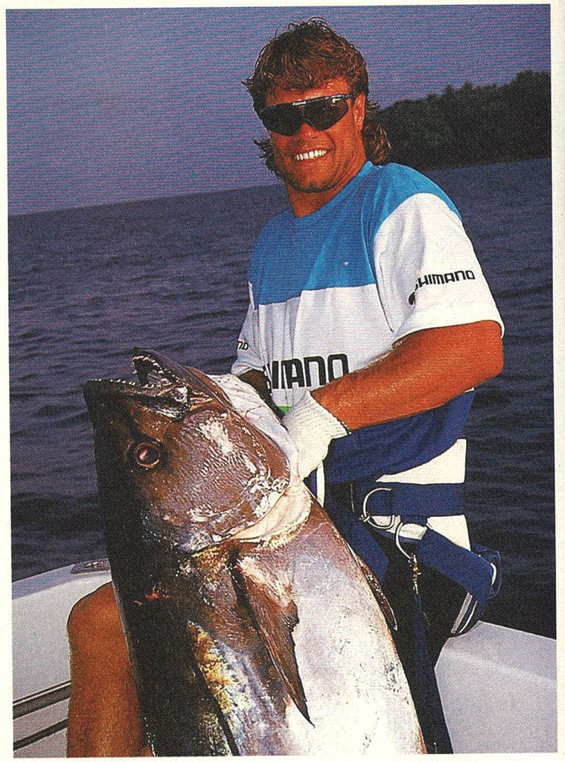






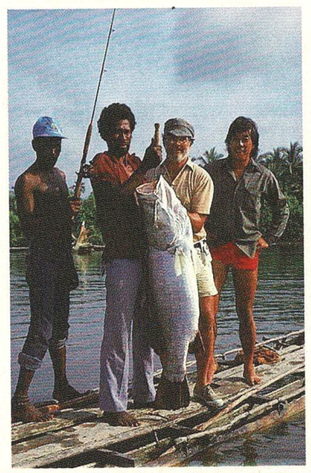


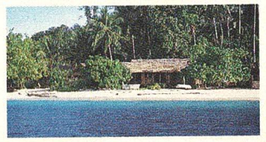


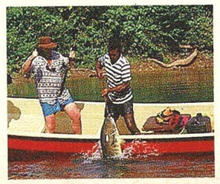


League Star Andrew "ET" Ettingshausen with a P.N.G. dogtooth tuna.

Sportfishing Adventures in Papua New Guinea







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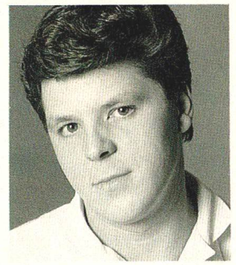
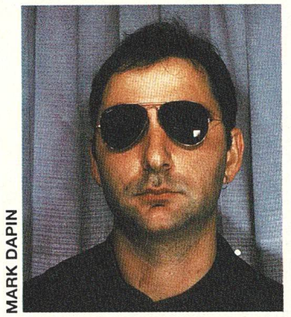
housecall

GUNNING FOR JUSTICE

What chance does the average, law-abiding person have in a country where the criminals have guns but the victims are banned by law from arming themselves for protection? On page 34, Sydney freelance journalist **Joseph Allbeury** poses this question against the background of the removal of firearms legislation that allowed people at risk to carry guns for self-defence. Allbeury's recent stories for *Penthouse* have been on Sydney pool hustlers and sports shooting.



JOSEPH ALLBEURY



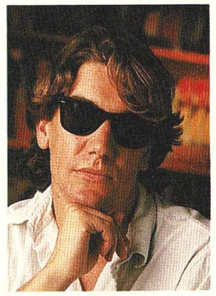
MARK DAPIN

KICKBACK

Contributing Editor **Mark Dapin** walked away from a promising start in kickboxing after he was beaten up by a five foot woman in a London gym seven years ago. Since then, the 5'8" English journalist has concentrated on what he does best: writing about the fighting arts rather than partaking. On page 66 Dapin looks into kickboxing — one of the fastest growing sports in this country — and reports that organisation has been the first casualty of the sport's success. Dapin has written for *Ita, Australian Women's Forum* and *Inside Sport*.

WORKING LIKE A DOG

Dogs are one of man's oldest working animals. They have worked alongside humans in many different civilisations over thousands of years, often performing tasks that take advantage of their scenting, fighting and hunting instincts. On page 82, Senior Editor **Mark Abernethy** looks at the lives of Australian working dogs. Abernethy is a former newspaper reporter who has freelanced for magazines such as *Australian Women's Forum* and *Australasian Post* before joining this magazine. Part one of his story accompanies the extraordinary photographs by **George Brown**.



MARK ABERNETHY

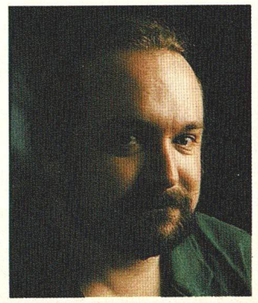
ERIC LOBBECKE

ARE YOU PARANOID?

Over the past three years, Sydney artist **Eric Lobbecke** has been producing hilarious illustrations for this magazine. The Austrian-born caricaturist works for *The Australian* newspaper and also illustrates for *Australian Playboy* magazine and *Inside Sport*, where he has a regular page called Lobbecke's Hall Of Fame. His most memorable work has accompanied the humour pieces by Contributing Editor **Jean Norman** with subjects ranging from studs and lovers' arguments to awful ads and bitches. The comedy team are back again on page 50 with a story about the epidemic of the 1990s: paranoia.

STATE OF THE ART

For almost four years **Paul Burrows** has been writing the technical review section of *Penthouse* called State Of The Art. Burrows is the editor of *Australian Camera* and *Sound And Image* magazines as well as writing technical reviews for four other publications. He has contributed two articles on off-road driving to *Penthouse* magazine and has sold photographs to many periodicals. The former English high school teacher says his interest in technical gadgetry started when he was a child who "had to pull everything apart". State Of The Art appears on page 24.



PAUL BURROWS

A dialogue between readers and editors concerning the content of Australian Penthouse. Letters for publication should carry name and address, although these will be withheld on request. Send to Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

feedback

Softly softly

I understand the limitations that censorship places on the content of a national edition magazine of this type, but surely it does not restrict the content to such a level that the photographic element is little more than a lingerie display. Few of the models in the June 1993 edition are displayed without some form of clothing or covering. When compared to the Forum letters, this coy pictorial approach seems to clash with the freedom used in these letters. — *Malcolm Gardner, Toowoomba, Qld*

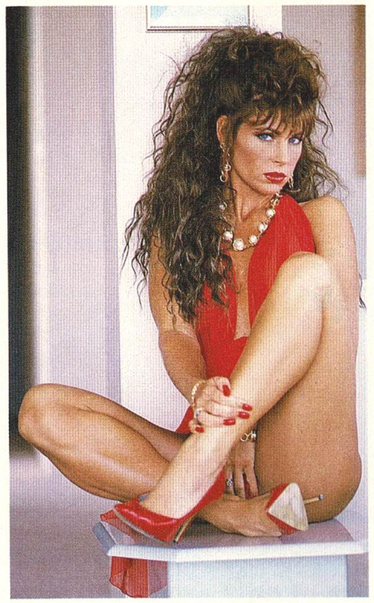
Lowering the tone

When I heard that *Australian Penthouse* intended to tone down its pictorials I didn't believe it. When I opened the June 1993 edition I was disgusted to find out what I had been told was true. The Pet Of The Year pictorial was by far the most disappointing. I was a regular reader of *Australian Penthouse* before going overseas for a year. In that time the explicit nature of your pictorials has definitely been toned down. What ever happened to pictorials like Sue-Ellen Underwood in April 1991 or Danielle Schneider in July 1991? *Australian Penthouse* is now little more than an expensive lingerie catalogue. — *Name and address withheld*

The current National editions of Australian Penthouse *are "softer" than previous issues due to increasingly conservative rulings by the Office of Film and Literature Classification. So the "toning down" has not been done voluntarily.* Australian Penthouse *has always striven to provide its readers with the most exciting photography possible. But at the same time this magazine is committed to operating within the guidelines set out by the Attorney General's Department.* — Ed

AIDS and anal sex

In the May issue, several Forum letters enthusiastically describe anal sex and effectively promote unprotected anal intercourse. This practice, whether between males or females, carries one of the highest risks of transmission of AIDS because the blood vessels in the anal passage are easy to tear, thus causing the exchange of potentially life-threatening disease. I believe that a magazine concerned with the health of its readers should be providing some regular safe sex guidelines at the beginning or end of the Forum section. This will not only improve the standing of the magazine regarding the censorship debate — but will also mean that we, as readers and sexual practitioners, are less likely to catch potentially fatal diseases because we'd be better informed. — *J. Sutherland, Auckland, New Zealand*



Leisa Ryan — Mama Mia!

Deadly serious

In the May issue, I was disappointed to see Paul Kidd use a 90–percent result in a phone-in survey to say that, "an overwhelmingly high percentage of Australians" believe in the death penalty in exceptional circumstances.

All that particular procedure proved was that 90 percent of those that rang in supported the death penalty. It would be expected that this group would be heavily biased towards the "in favour" stance particularly after such a murder as that involving Anita Cobby.

The article is high on emotive evidence and low on empirical fact: is 20,000 signatures empirical evidence? That represents 0.5 percent of the population of Sydney, hardly an indication of the population demanding a return of the death penalty.

Following Kidd's shaky use of statistics cited earlier, we could use this figure to show that 99.5 percent of Sydney residents oppose the death penalty. — *Not so gullible, Sydney, NSW*

Oh Ryan's svelte

Mama Mia! Congratulations to your June centrefold — Leisa Ryan. For a mother she is one hell of a woman. Her eyes, face and body are just perfect. She's my vote for the next *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year. Good one *Penthouse* for presenting this luscious woman — mother and all. — *Name and address withheld*

Girls, girls, girls

The June Black Label edition is one of the best yet. The girls are fantastic, particularly Monika, Jennifer and Leisa. The best pictorial, however, was Love Dance. It's good to see a couple actually engaging in sex rather looking like they are posing for simulated sex. I hope this trend continues. — *Phil Jones, Sydney, NSW*

Freedom of the press

In regards to the article "Sex, Lies and Statistics" in the July issue, I would like to say that I'm disabled and because of my low status in the community I cannot find a girlfriend. My *Penthouse* magazines are my only sexual outlet. Sometimes I think these feminists just want to see men suppressed and suffering. — *Name and address withheld*

Country goodness

I'd like to congratulate *Penthouse* on publishing the article about nightlife in Bombala. Although I've never been to the town, I've lived in many small towns just like it and country folk know how to party just as hard as their slick nightclubbing city counterparts. — *S. Smith, Lennox Head, NSW*

Dead or alive

Paul B. Kidd's article in the May issue of *Australian Penthouse* managed to illuminate the dichotomy of opinion which separates the Australian population, and I dare say, the Western world.

I feel that the whole judicial system needs an overhaul. Although I am not against capital punishment, the fact that a heinous murder can be punished by another murder is a reproach upon the legal fraternity. — *F.C., Sydney, NSW*

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SCHOLZ & FRIENDS

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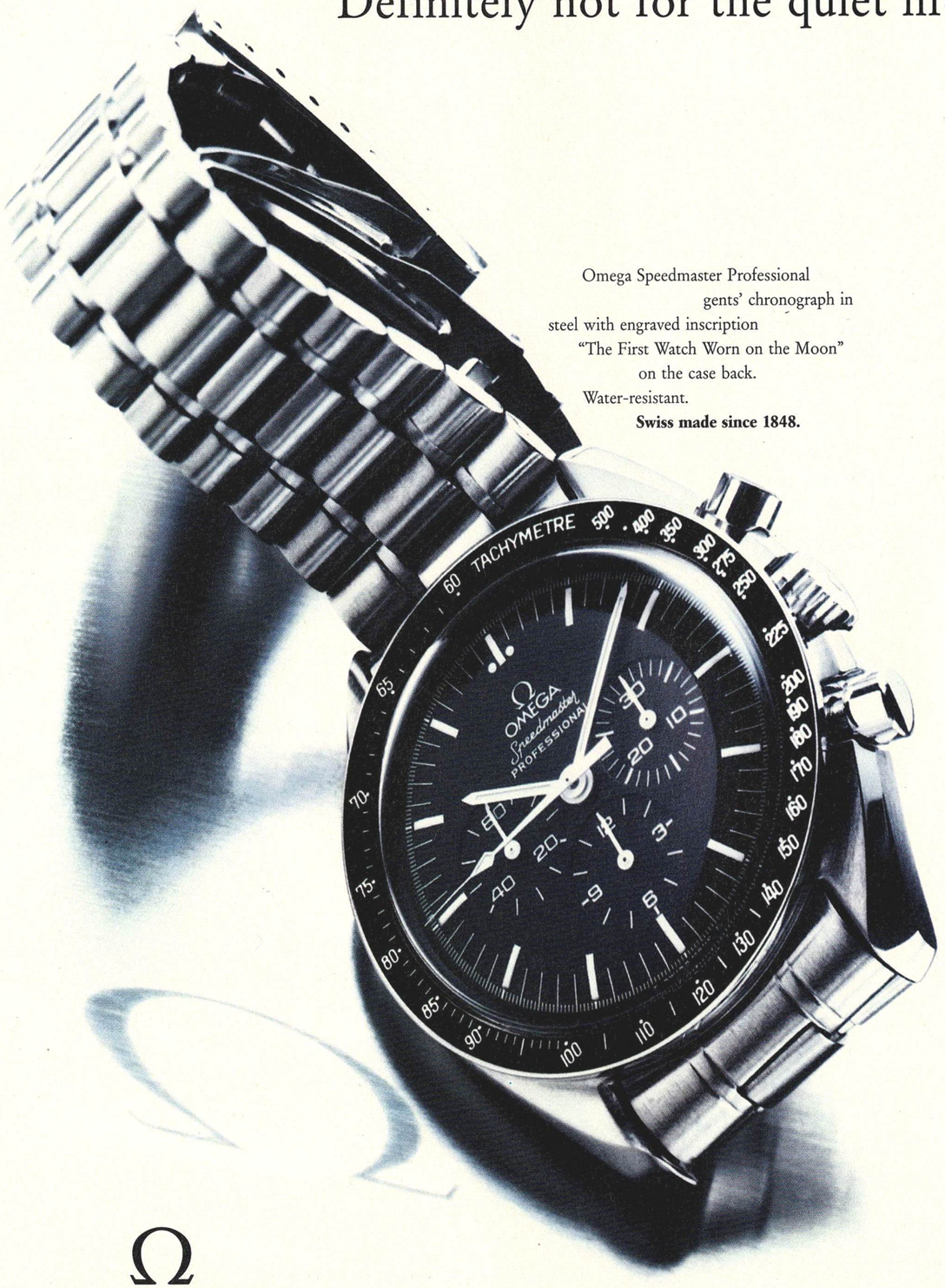

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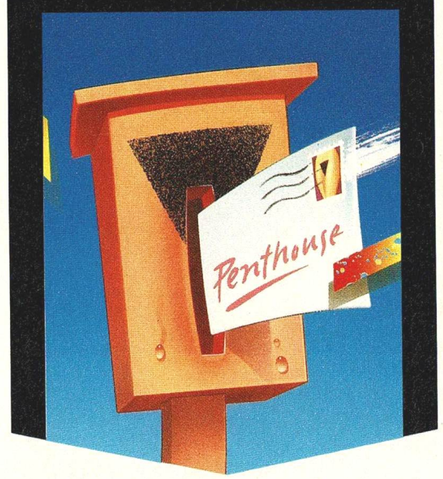

forum

Euphoria

"Oh my God. I can't believe we're going to do this Michael. You've only been here since lunch," she whispered.

"You're gorgeous," I replied.

"Stop it."

"You're gorgeous and you've got skin like soft velvet."

"Stop it or I'm going to come even before you get it inside me." That was enough to stop me. I wanted her first orgasm of the night to be perfect. I wanted to be able to feel her silky smooth pussy tense up around my cock when she came.

I had been softly rubbing and massaging every part of her naked body since we left the bathroom an hour ago. (Shower by candle light. Perfect.) For the last ten minutes I had been caressing her inner thighs, just tracing little lines from her knees into the soft flesh on the outside edges of her pussy. I had spent so much time in the shower earlier that there was nothing but fresh clean skin across both hands. My fingertips were now so sensitive that I could feel the texture of my fingerprints on her outer lips. Very softly I worked my middle finger against the opening to her vagina.

She was wet. I opened my eyes and could see the moonlight glistening a thin trail of liquid down between her bottom towards the sheets. I kept pushing into her until, with my finger deep inside, she could feel my fist pressed hard against her.

"You're driving me crazy Michael."

"I'm driving you crazy?" I whispered back. "My cock is so hard it hurts."

"Good," she moaned back with a smile as she got another finger inside her for her efforts. Her backside was now lifting off the bed to force my fingers deeper into her.

"This is going to be incredible," I thought. I hoped it wasn't going to hurt her too much. Chelsea wasn't a virgin and hadn't been one for a while but with only two fingers inside her she now felt pretty tight. Something was probably going to give. My cock is about six inches in length — which is nothing to write home about but it's fairly thick.

My fingers were starting to get tired from the work-out we had both been giving them, so I stopped and climbed back up onto the bed. Facing me, her legs wrapped loosely up over my back, she slowly opened her eyes again and looked up to see me looking back at her, my hands resting on either side of her breasts.

I stopped nibbling on her ear and whispered, "Are you sure you want this?" With one hand I guided myself down between her legs and gently pushed against her.

"Are you sure?" Her eyes closed and she breathed deeply.

"Do it or die," she said and dug her nails into my back to prove she wasn't kidding.

With my hand still down there, I rubbed her juices around the tip of my rock hard penis and slowly let my weight start to drive me down into her. With her knees now up against her chest, I could feel her vagina being forced open to accept me.

"Oh, my God," she said very slowly.

"What the fuck is that?"

"Me," I grinned back down at her.

We were a perfect fit. I could just feel the tip of my cock pressing comfortably against the entrance to her womb. Chelsea was making quiet groaning noises.

Her pussy felt fantastic. Man, there's nothing like making love to a fit person. (All the dance classes she had been attending for years were paying off.) I could feel her muscles contracting around my cock as I lay there. She was letting me know in no uncertain terms that she was ready for more.

I shuffled back off the end of the bed so I could stand up straight and held Chelsea with both hands around the waist. She hung her legs loosely over my arms and relaxed — ready to be fucked. Still deep inside her, I slowly withdrew from her almost completely. I reached over and took hold of Chelsea's hand and placed it between her legs, two fingers on either side of my cock.

"What are you doing to me?" she whispered.

"Just relax and feel," I said softly. I placed my hand over hers and pushed my cock back into her, making her slowly rub her soft flesh all the while.

Being able to actually feel my cock sliding into her guided by her own fingers was a new experience for her, and within a few full strokes in and out of her, I had moved my hand back to her waist and was now on the verge of coming. Chelsea was rubbing two fingers over her slit in time with my pounding strokes and the feeling of her fingers against the sides of my cock was driving me over the edge.

With both arms, I reached under her back and hugged her, pinning her down between me and the bed. I could feel her trying to crush my cock with her pussy as she reached the beginning of a shuddering orgasm. This was too much — I couldn't hold back any longer,

I felt like I was going to blow her apart as I came inside her. After two or three deep thrusts, I could feel warm sperm mixing with Chelsea's own liquid deep inside her. — *Name and address withheld*

Academic pursuits

It was late one Friday afternoon at University. Danielle and I were sitting in the corridor outside a lecture theatre waiting for some friends to finish. I leant over and kissed her gently on the cheek.

forum

She returned my kiss, very softly at first, licking my lips with just the tip of her tongue.

I tried to kiss her more forcefully but she pulled away, teasing me as our tongues barely touched. We stood to face each other and began snogging in earnest. My tongue snaked deeply in her mouth, hers in mine, sucking and biting each other's lips. I held her very close, with one hand stroking her hair and the other squeezing her gorgeous arse. Her hand slipped down and ran along my erection, which was straining in my jeans.

Still our tongues and lips worked at each other until I broke away to suggest that we move to the empty lecture theatre across the hallway, in case anyone came by.

We slipped into the theatre, a large dark room with rows of seats facing a lecturer's desk. As I leaned against the doors Dani slid her body up to mine for more delicious kisses. She wrapped her arms tightly around me, pressing her fingertips into my shoulders and back as I kissed her lips, cheeks and neck. She then slid to her knees and unzipped my jeans. Not content with just releasing my cock, she pulled down my pants and boxers too, giving her complete access to that which required urgent attention.

With one hand kneading my bare bum she gently grasped my erection and licked slowly from the base along the shaft to its blood-engorged head. She kissed and licked my cock as I ran my fingers through her long, red hair. I sighed with the pleasure her sweet mouth gave me. She sucked my swollen glans between her lips and slid her tongue under and around the ridge. All this was too much: I had to return the favour.

With a moan, I pulled Danielle up to me and half-pushed, half-lifted her onto the large lecturer's desk at the front of the room. I leaned forward between her thighs and kissed her once more. She stretched her back to let me kiss her neck and ears.

My hands cupped her breasts which are so small and perfectly shaped that she never needs to wear a bra. I could feel her nipples becoming erect beneath my palms. I slipped her shirt open and kissed around those delightful soft curves. I stroked one breast with the lightest of caresses and sucked gently on the other, kissing and pulling at the nipple with my lips, rolling my tongue around as she murmured her approval.

I began to kiss lower now, rubbing my lips and cheeks across her tummy. Dani lay back on the benchtop and put her hand on my shoulder pushing me further down. I lifted her skirt and placed my hands on her bare thighs. I lifted one leg to my face kissing, stroking and lightly massaging my way down to her feet and back up her inner thigh with my lips and tongue lingering over every inch of the way.

I kissed her pubic mound briefly through her cotton underwear. She was very hot and moist, but I continued the "torture" as a prologue.

Finally I slid my hands around her hips and pulled the damp panties off her. I kissed her at the junction of her thigh and mound, and on her tightly coiled dark pubic hair which was moist with fresh sweat. Then, very softly, I ran the tip of my tongue down the crease of her pussy. Dani let out a low moan as her lips parted and I could taste just how hot and wet she was. I licked up and down, softly at first. But after a while, her moans of enjoyment wrecked my self-restraint and soon I was really ravishing her with my tongue: licking her wet cunt, nuzzling and nibbling her pussy lips, thrusting my tongue as far into her vagina as it could go, swirling my tongue and lips, my whole face, around this beautiful mixture of softness and wetness and all for my lady's pleasure.

Danielle sighed and moaned at this enthusiastic treatment and even more so when I began to concentrate on her clitoris. I licked it quickly and softly at first. Dani shuddered — then longer and less gently as it enlarged beneath my tongue until I was lapping and sliding my tongue wildly around her clit.

Danielle moaned again, "Ohh that's so nice, use your fingers too." I licked my fingers and slid my hand between her thighs, slowly slipping my index finger into her vagina under my tongue; it was so hot in there!

Dani shuddered again and said, "More! Put more in me. Fuck me with your fingers." My heart pounded with our mutual excitement as I slid first my middle finger and then my other fingers into the wetness, thrusting as she lifted her hips to meet my tongue. Her moaning became gasps of exquisite pleasure as I kept up my onslaught, the gasps got louder until they were barely suppressed sobs as Danielle came, her cunt hot, open and very wet.

Dani's chest heaved with short breaths and she twitched and gasped as I licked at her still-swollen clitoris. "Now fuck me," she whispered. I pulled one of her hands down to her pussy and she slowly stroked herself as I reached for my wallet and a condom. I rolled the rubber onto my cock, which was achingly stiff, and I climbed on to kneel over Danielle's prostrate form.

She held her pussy lips open as I finally slid my prick home. We both let

Continued on page 118

"That's the last one... You know what that means, now we have to eat the airline food!"

ACT
The Music Room – Canberra
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NSW
The Music Room – Bondi Junction
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Audio Excellence – Drummoyne
02 819 6499
Len Wallis Audio – Lane Cove
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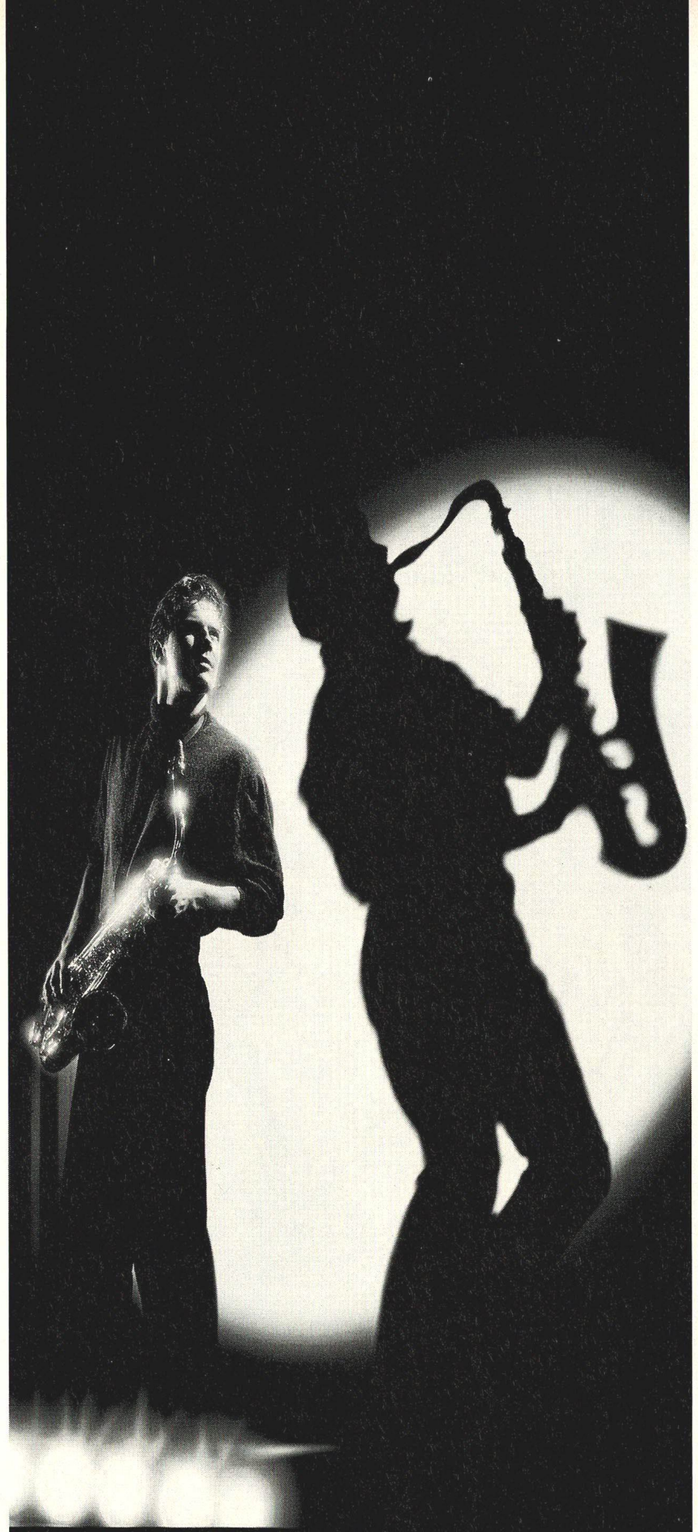

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FRONT

Dream weavers

Boasting Baby Boomers are boring the Modern Man

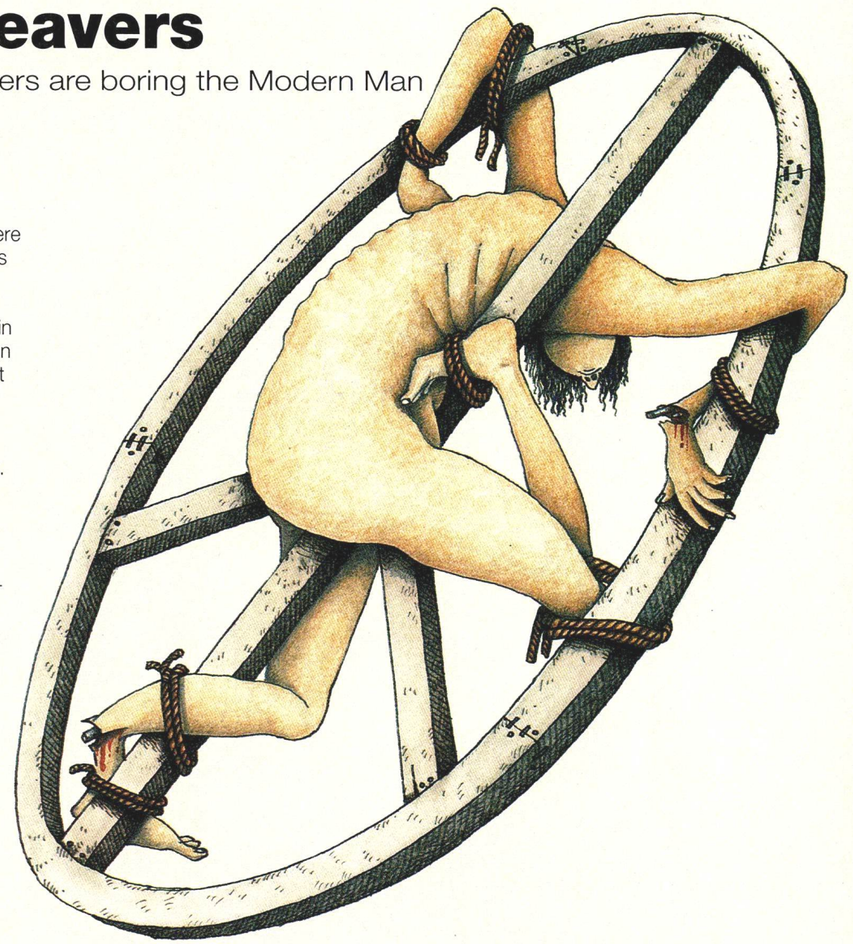


Illustration by Drahos Zak

Guess what? When *they* were in high school all the grass came from Thailand, everyone screwed on the quad lawn at lunchtime and Janis Joplin played at the school dance. When *they* were young you couldn't get into the toilets because of the number of student revolts being hatched, the acid lasted for four days and there was love not war. Man, but those were the days.

Hmmm. Yes, well. To the uninitiated, this message could have come from any number of those Porky's/Nerds on Vacation-type movies that irritated the contemporary male so thoroughly. But this movie is in the minds of ungracefully aging Aquarians who will interrupt any anecdote with: "yeah, that's great, but back in the Sixties..."

The forty-something Nescafe ad is pure Baby Boomer media

Yikes! The Sixties are being re-heated. That whole naive Flower Power thing is being pulled out of the deep freeze through the reveries of those crashing bores that the Modern Man always seems to sit next to at dinner parties — self-obsessed people in their forties who go by the name of Baby Boomers.

Whence these people came and what they want from Nineties folk is anyone's guess. Where they get off is a question of Gordian complexity.

The Nineties man does know this: for the past few years, Baby Boomers the world over have been doing their best to make sure real people in the real world don't forget about the halcyon days of "The Sixties".

A decade ago the Modern Man thought these people had well and truly cooked their goose with a frightfully self-laudatory and cringe-inducing cinematic experience by the name of *The Big Chill*. This advertisement for the Baby Boomer generation said it all about the children of the Sixties: "we'll be activists while it's fashionable, yuppies on payday and racists until we need music to make cooking look groovy."

But the goose wasn't done and the gate was left open. *The Big Chill* didn't embarrass Baby Boomers; they actually dug that stuff.

Next thing you know Baby Boomers are dominating restaurant conversations with awkward high school and university reminiscences from 25 years ago and telling the Nineties bloke how fantastic it is to finally have Fleetwood Mac played in the White House. They've been

Dream weavers

hitting forty and trying to prove to anyone who's stopped yawning that they're still really "cool"; they've been denouncing the generation behind them as culturally barren and then adopting baseball caps worn backwards and mobile phones; they tell the Now man about the power of *their* drugs, the extent of *their* sexual forays and the elite nature of *their* revolutionary times ... then they turn to God, send their wives back to the kitchen, put their kids in Weeboks and join Rotary.

Television is now chocka with Baby Boomer ads that touch a manufactured nerve.

The perfect Baby Boomer food — processed, individually plastic wrapped, lite cheese — is sold via a bunch of clean livers who "ooh" and "aah" over the slide show of people in flares and bad haircuts while Mary Hopkin does "Those Were The Days My Friend".

On another channel, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young's "Our House" cranks out while breezy couples borrow loot for the nest.

The Mills And Boon of TV — the Nescafe coffee ad with the fortysomething couple — is pure Baby Boomer media complete with sentimental mid-distant gazes, stocking-over-the-arc-light bucolism and the "shop" that's a reassuring blend of Banana Republic and Ralph Lauren Polo.

Even the bits between the ads have succumbed to Baby Boomer nostalgia. *China Beach* and *Tour Of Duty* play like Sixties juke boxes with pictures and the narrated over-dub on *The Wonder Years* is almost as mawkish as the awful *Thirtysomething*.

American writers like Camille Paglia and Cynthia Heimel have placed themselves at the vanguard of Sixties *faux* nostalgia. They sing the praises of The Sixties and dismiss anybody who wasn't there.

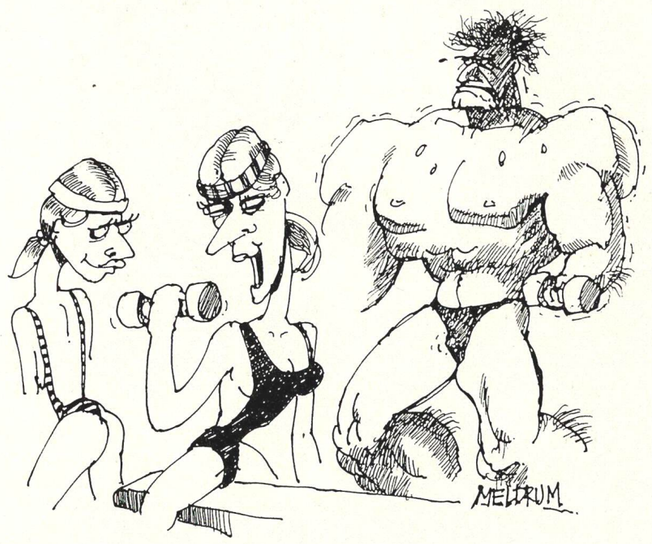
Of course one never sees these people behaving in the manner they extol. Which is the same thing the kids in Hitler Youth used to bitch about when they found themselves sitting around a camp fire reciting Goethe. No matter how hard he tried, Joey Goebbels just couldn't convince the younger generation that he used to wander about the Schwarzwald humming Wagner and living clean.

In truth, Baby Boomer libertine behaviour is never more dangerous than a bit of toot and nothing wilder than safe sex. BB "stomp" music extends to Fleetwood Mac and Supertramp.

But what else would the Nineties bloke expect from a generation whose latter-day patron saint smokes drugs but doesn't inhale, puts landing aircraft into hold patterns so he can get a $200 coiffure and turns the world's most powerful political office into an advertisement for the hen-pecked husband?

Of course, not all BBs are boring or bathetic or boastful. But the ones who are, present themselves with such a vividly insincere smugness that it's difficult to see this generation as anything else.

But that will be all from the Modern Man desk. There are Filofaxes to wrestle, suspenders to adjust, the Saab to wash and a handful of affirmations to yell at a mirror. It's time to ride, cos life's a Baby Boomer... and so is the boss. — *Mark Abernethy*



"What cracks me up is, the bigger he gets, the smaller it looks..."

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Jim Beam Black Label –
Beams Black to friends –
is no ordinary Bourbon.

It's aged eight years in charred oak barrels and then charcoal filtered.

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George Smilovici

Stand-up comic

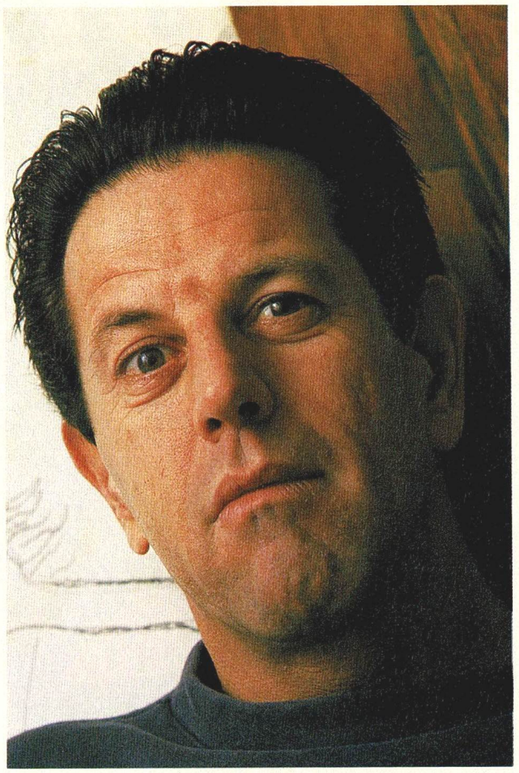

Photo by Geoff Howden

Where were you born and how does it effect who you are today?
I was born in Havana, Cuba and this effects me in that I am passionate, hot-blooded and honour is important to me.
What really pisses you off?
People who want to tell me jokes after I've walked off stage after a two hour show; gold diggers and pretentious people.
What's your favourite saying?
"Everything turns out alright in the end." In the end you die!
Who do you admire in your own field?
Gene Wilder, Dudley Moore, Gary Larson, Bill Murray and my father.
What do you use for transport?
Shoes and planes.
If they made you Emperor tomorrow, what would you change?
The Emperor's new clothes and TV programming.
What's your favourite drink?
Frangelico and ice or mango juice or long black espresso.
What makes you proud?
My family makes me proud. They are wonderful people who give me a lot of strength, a feeling of being unique in this world. Also my work and the way I effect people's lives, so I'm proud of myself.
Who would you least like to sit next to on a long plane journey?
A bigot.
Are there any vices you want to adopt?
A butterfly collection — but it's ecologically unsound.
What do you sing in the shower?
Some people sing in the shower. I like to paint.
Do you have any unfulfilled ambitions?
I would love to make movies, produce and star in my own TV show, write a book (a bestseller) and become world famous and stinking rich by next Tuesday afternoon.
Who would you most like to spend an evening with?
I would love to spend an evening with Marie Antoinette — preferably on the night before she was beheaded, so I could watch her hair turn white overnight.
What movie character would you most like to be?
I would like to be Al Pacino in *Scent of a Woman* — very noble.
What is decadence?
Decadence is not earning what you have. Decadence is screening your telephone calls on your answering machine and not taking them. Decadence is wasting food or water.
How do you relax?
I give myself acupuncture. I also like watching people.
What makes you embarrassed?
Watching somebody bomb on stage in front of an audience.
When do you lie to people?
I lie to people when I don't want to hurt them or when I'm planning a surprise birthday party.
What sport would you play as a professional if you had the chance?
Women's netball.
Do you regret anything?
I regret fighting with people I love and I regret wasting precious time.
Have you any phobias?
I'm afraid of the light.
How would you describe yourself?
You wouldn't know it by looking at me, but I'm really good looking and I smell nice.
What are you really slack about?
Decorating my house and looking after my helicopter.
What gets you down?
Elevators, lifts, gravity and being misunderstood.
If you were a power tool, what would you be and why?
I would like to be Michelle Pfeiffer's electric toothbrush so I could get inside her head.
What do you want to be buried with?
Earth and a shovel, good memories and a clear conscience.
At school, what did your peers think would become of you?
My peers thought that people would laugh at me for the rest of my life.
What's your idea of kinky sex?
When my girlfriend ties the bed on to me, then she makes love to the bed and I have to squeak!

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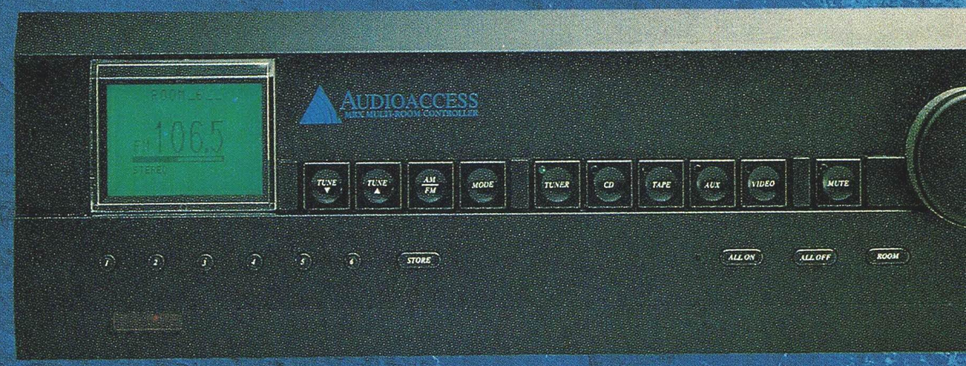
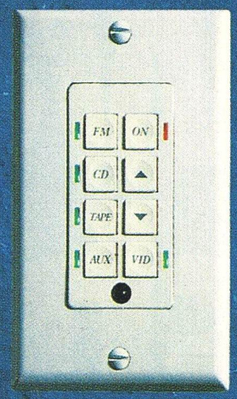


Now, there's a multi-room control system so innovative it takes the complexity out of home entertainment systems. A single MRX Multi-Room Controller/Receiver combines six stereo amplifiers and an AM/FM tuner, and controls as many as six audio zones.

It's ingenious. From any zone in the house, touch a button to switch from FM to tape, CD to video stereo or an auxiliary source. Press another button to adjust volume. Use our elegant wall keypad or handheld remote, or control the whole system from the front panel of the MRX. And it's designed for easy installation, with one-sixth the controller hardware. Which makes it: simply affordable.



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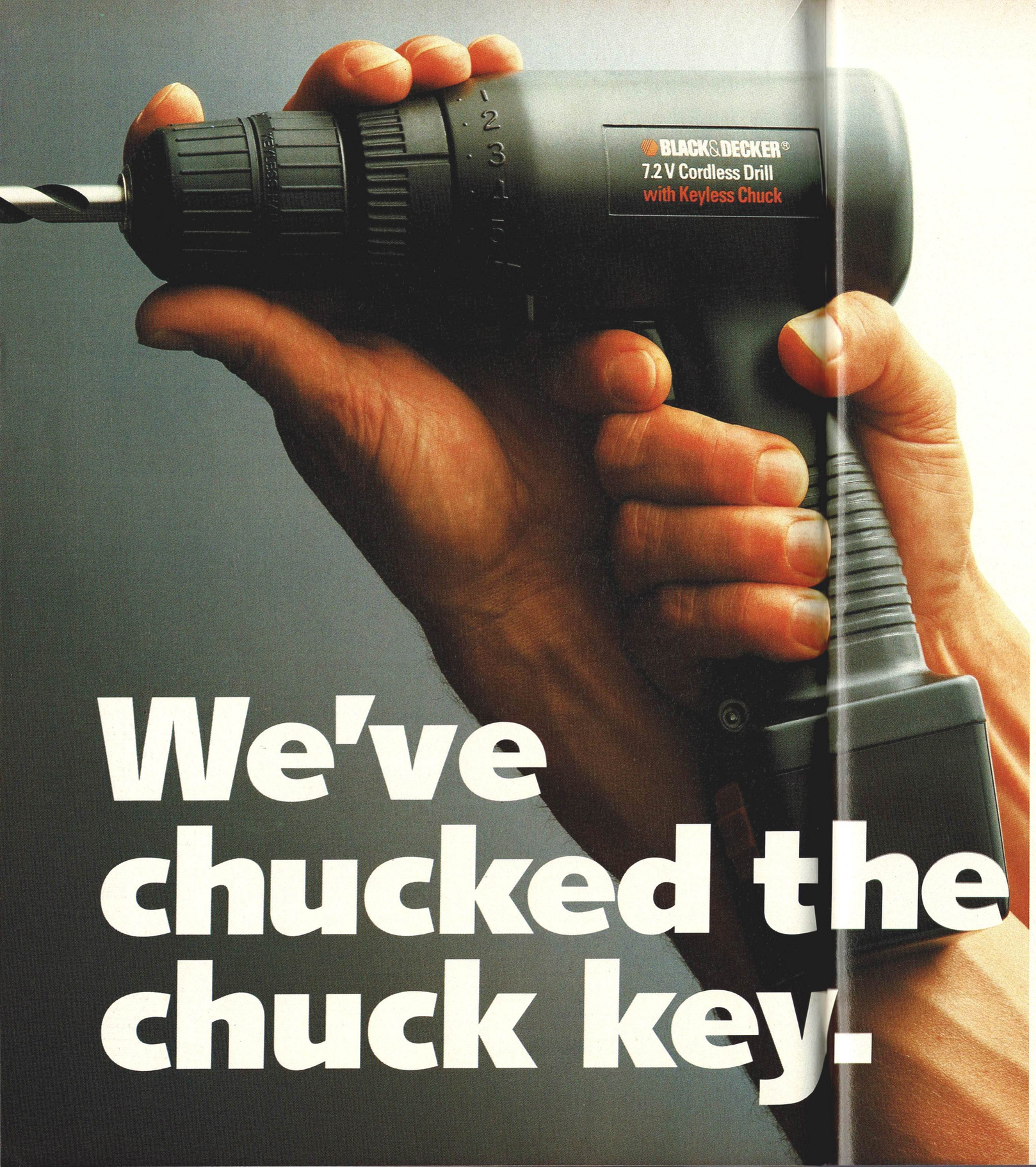

We've chucked the chuck key.

Introducing the Black & Decker CD72K drill with 'Quick Change' keyless chuck.

From now on, Black & Decker's cordless drills will feature 'Quick Change', a keyless chuck like those you've probably seen on some top - of - the - line tradesman's drills.

After all, the chuck key was never there when you needed it, or else it was one of three or four things you were inevitably trying to juggle in a sticky situation, so we thought: why not get rid of it altogether?

Feature for feature, this makes the Black & Decker drills with Quick Change the best around, with 4.8 to 7.2 volt models to choose from, all reversible, all with torque control, with one to three hour charge times.

Removable battery pack models for more convenient recharging and fully equipped kit boxes are also available.

Using the Black & Decker 'Quick Change' is simplicity itself. You just turn the chuck to tighten it, and unscrew it to release.

So now, hassle - free drill bit changes are in the palm of your hand.

For more information on how to lose the chuck key for good, send the coupon below to:-

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Someone's thinking.

Safety deposit

Motorists now pay big money to ensure their survival

That safety is sexy in motor vehicles is probably taking poetic licence a bit too far, even in this decade of caring.

Certainly, though, safety is selling like never before as consumers get the message that cars are lethal weapons that can maim and kill just as easily as a high-powered rifle.

Motorists are now prepared to pay real money to improve the chances of survival. Not so long ago, a sunroof or swish sound-system was more desirable than some feature they could see or touch or understand, like ABS or constant four-wheel drive.

It's a sign that consumers have new priorities when Holden offers an airbag in its recently launched VR Commodore, or when Subaru reports that demand for its 4WD Liberty sedan rose from 16 percent at the start of last year to 33 percent at the start of this year, and is still rising.

Accountability is a buzzword of the 1990s, a fact that scares the shit out of car makers. In the litigation-crazed United States, cunning lawyers are going in to bat on behalf of consumers who've had bad experiences with vehicles. It matters not a whit that some of these crates may be 15 years old. Sue, baby, sue.

The point is that engineers and designers are under pressure to create safety capsules with wheels. To produce a vehicle with a fundamental weakness means the company could be paying a huge price in the years to come.

Some car makers are traditionally more safety-conscious than others. Mercedes-Benz has a long history of sensible crash investigation and a careful, analytical approach to active and passive safety.

Others have adopted a strong safety slant too; BMW, Saab, Audi are notables, catering for this conservative market while managing to retain excitement in their products. And the Volvo people market safety better than all of them while not quite providing the product to satisfy all the critics, all the time.

The Japanese have been slower to embrace safety, but are now starting to catch up to the pacesetting Europeans, particularly the Teutons.

Safety in motor vehicles is twofold. The first line of defence is active safety, which is about a vehicle avoiding a crash; road-holding, steering, and braking are factors. Here four-wheel drive offers the security of better balance and greater grip, anti-lock braking has obvious virtues, traction control eliminates wheelspin and chassis dynamics all work to give the driver every chance of missing a crash.

Passive safety is a vehicle's ability to protect its occupants in a crash by virtue of crumple zones, rollover protection, airbags and seatbelt pre-tensioners.

It may confuse some folk out there that some of the fastest, more powerful production cars around are also among the safest. F'rintances? Try the BMW M3, Nissan GT-R, Mercedes 500SL, Porsche Carrera 4, Mitsubishi 3000GT, Nissan Infiniti. Hey, I'd rather have my family in any of these than a Volvo, because good acceleration and engine response are imperatives, to allow the alert driver to extricate himself from danger. In an overtaking situation, a high-performance car spends less time on the wrong side of a single-lane road (but try explaining to a cop that it's safer to whip out and back in at 130km/h, than at 100km/h, and you start to appreciate the absurdity of don't-argue speed limits).

BMW's new 210kW M3 coupe, set for local release early in 1994, is the embodiment of safety fast. While it doesn't have constant four-wheel drive, it has all the other wondrous things on the safety hit list, including brilliant tyres. To drive it is to be aware of extraordinary limits of roadholding and braking.

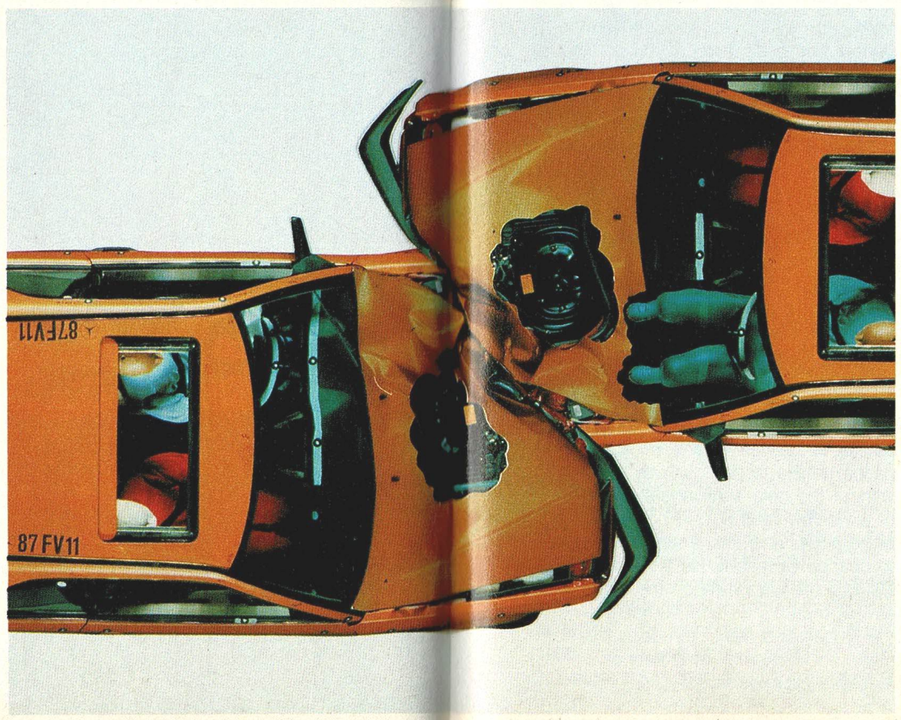
The broader consumer acceptance of the vehicle safety doctrine in recent times has meant that life-saving features, once the preserve of the big and expensive models, are drifting down to the small and cheaper cars.

The astonishing propagation of anti-lock braking systems (ABS) is perhaps the finest example.

Mercedes-Benz was the first car maker to introduce anti-lock braking on a production model, the big S-class range back in 1979. Now, 14 years on, ABS is available on bread-and-butter Ford Falcons and Holden Commodores, and little Nissan Pulsars. Subaru reports that demand for optional ABS on its Liberty jumped from a hardly significant five percent a year ago to 28 percent by mid-1993. Purchasers are not baulking at paying $1990 for this feature because they accept it could save their butts in an emergency.

More than any other safety item around, ABS has the ability to save dopey and incompetent motorists from themselves. Because, try as they might, it will not let the big right foot lock up the front brakes and consequently lose the ability to steer the car while stretching the stopping distance.

As long as Australian bureaucrats and politicians refuse to accept that pathetic driver training and licensing standards are the root of our road safety problems, the car makers will be forced to compensate with increasingly idiot-proof products.



Engineers are under pressure to create safety capsules with wheels

The annual cost of Australia's 2000 road deaths and countless injuries has been quantified at something of the order of $6 billion. This doesn't take account of the pain and anguish. So there are many emotional and economic reasons to encourage safer cars and drivers.

The toll has been cut dramatically in recent years. The authorities loftily take the credit of course, citing random breath testing, improved roads and more active policing.

This ignores the real causes; the recession (which has cut into private and business vehicle usage) and the improvements to motor cars down through the years.

While historically the Germans have set the pace in safety the sometimes maligned local car industry has not been asleep either.

It's a shame that so-called independent NCAP collision tests conducted by the national motoring bodies have unnecessarily put some models in a bad light, the true picture helped not one bit by ill-informed comment from the likes of the ABC's *The Investigators*.

Holden's manager of advanced engineering, Laurie Sparke, says his company's objective is to protect customers and their families, looking at the automobile as a total safety system operating in concert with the driver.

Unlike other safety-orientated

Continued on page 128

Losing one's balance

Why the BoP figures will always be negative

The poor old ABC. Quite pathetic, really, the way it leads its midday news with the latest balance of payments figures — pimply-faced financial reporters whose ignorance of the meaning of those figures is only slightly less than that of the ABC news editor who thinks such figures ought to head the news.

No-one gave two hoots about the balance of payments in the good old days — about five years ago. But today we think we ought to worry about it and so we do.

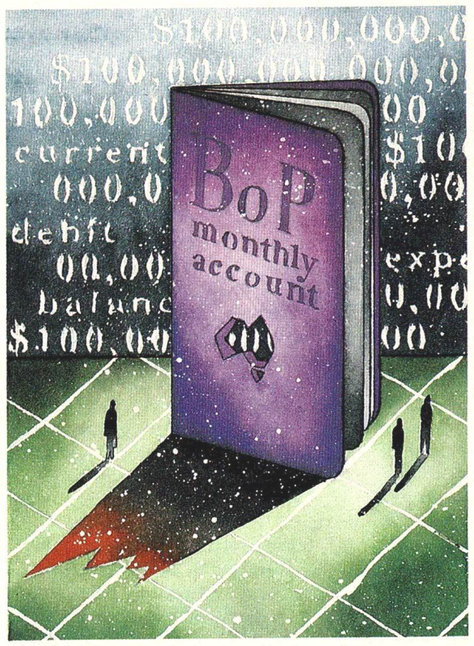


Illustration by Mary-Louise Bremmer

Look, the BoP monthly account is not even as important as our own bank statement, although to some extent it is the national version of same. It records what cheques came in and what cheques went out and if we're running regular negative balances on the current account (which doesn't include borrowings, because borrowings are what we, the nation, use to actually balance the blinkin' thing), we can cry "Oh, God". But unlike our own bank statement, we can't do much about it.

I can shun as much tinned fruit from Thailand as I like and I haven't bought a BMW for years, yet our import bill is still rising. Or was, when I last heard the BoP figures.

When the figures following the quarter at issue are released, they're late, preliminary and subject to massive revisions.

Yet currencies soar and plunge on such numbers which, two months later, are quietly revised so that, and it has happened, a positive number can become a minus, and vice versa.

Y'know, the bloke in Canberra is going through his desk looking for his cousin's wedding invitation and, hey, look at this, here's the account for that battleship we bought in February, I'd better include that in the February figures.

Such is the nature — the size — of our economy that our trade figures are at the mercy of big one-off events, like Westpac buying a stack of new computers or a visit to Myer's sale by a caravan of Kuwaiti princes. A day's delay in reporting such an event can swing a whole month's figures. And these clowns in the money markets won't make a move until they get the figures.

The naivety of the markets is astounding. It's not as if we don't know the trend: we import more than we export, we try to remedy this but succeed only slowly; there are reverses from time to time, but, overall, the trend in the trade deficit is down: it has to be, or we're out of business. So runs the theory.

We are a tiny nation unable to pay our way

Apart from one year in the early 1970s, Australia hasn't had a positive current account since 1957. We are a nation of overspenders: we import more than we export and borrow money to make up the difference. We've been doing it for 200 years.

Yet the foreign exchange market traders somehow think this is going to change; that this month all will be different.

A recent Reserve Bank survey shows just how little say we have in our own dollar. The Australian for-ex market is the ninth largest in the world but just less than half the money traded involved the Aussie dollar — mostly it's the USD. And almost three-quarters of that non-Aussie dollar trade is done by foreign banks.

And the poor old ABC thinks that a negative balance of trade is news! The BoP figures simply reiterate what we've always known but try to ignore: we are a tiny nation unable to pay our way without the help and understanding of a wealthy mother and powerful big brother. And this is not going to change overnight. Next month's BoP figures will be much the same as last month's — and dumping the Queen and the Union Jack will make not a skerrick of difference.

— *David Quicksilver*

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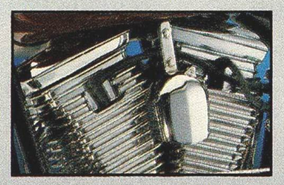

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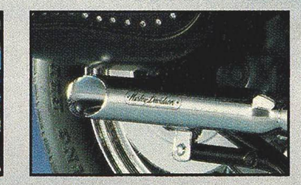

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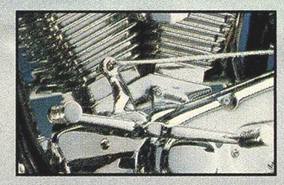

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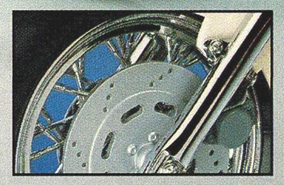

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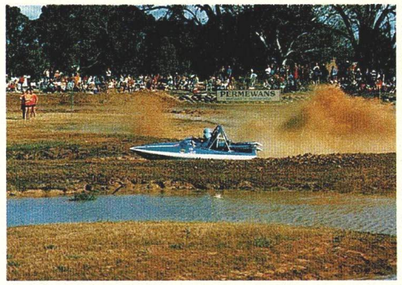
Screaming jets

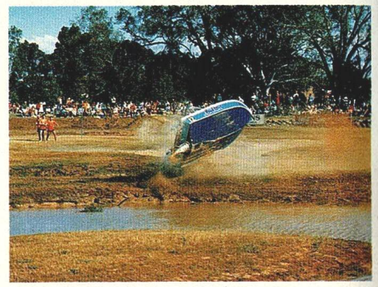
Jet boat racing is taking off

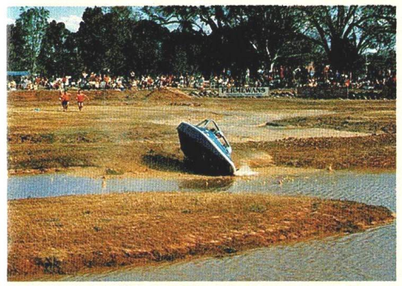
The cavities in your body resonate to an animal pulse, like you're standing too close to a bass speaker. The pungent blend of AV gas and mud create an aroma of crude, indulgent power as the counter moves towards zero. A hefty Chevrolet V8, three-stage jet propelled engine transfers 500 horsepower into the 40cm of water below the jet sprint boat.

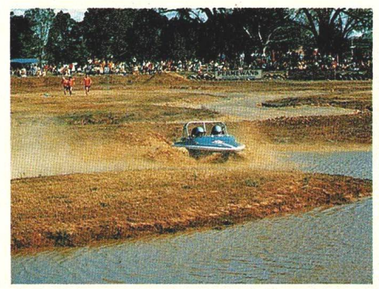
The light goes green. The jet boat leaps out of the water like something frightened it, exposing its underbelly and going from zero to 130km/h in two seconds.

After the start, the idea is simple: the boats individually travel around a 1.8 kilometre maze as fast as possible while trying not to flip over.









The G-force negates breathing for the first few seconds

"Such is the G-force at the start," says Alan Wright, the man who brought jet boat racing to Australia from New Zealand, "that it negates breathing for the first few seconds."

Wright, a race and event organiser and former Kiwi, has every reason to catch his breath. He dug the first 1.8km track at Goolwa south of Adelaide seven years ago. Since then tracks have been built at Wangaratta, Albury, Coolangatta, Griffith, Hastings and Perth. And ideas for track sites are being mooted for Sydney, Newcastle and Melbourne city.

"The sport is definitely going to be the growth sport of the Nineties. What I see happening in the future is an event being staged in an amphitheatre in the city. There are some corners to get around before that, though," says Wright.

Back on track, the first corner the jet boat driver encounters is about 200 metres down the way, and it's usually a right angle. Travelling at close to 100km/h you'd think you slow for the corners. Quite the opposite says Stephen Dittko, the 17-year-old who was edged out by Kiwi Bruce Street in this year's Australian championships.

"Racing in this sport is different to any other motor sport. When you approach a corner you have to apply substantially more power. If you back off you'll most likely flip the boat.

"We've had racing car drivers come and give it a go and they've hopped in and bombed out straight away."

Bombing out, as Dittko phrases it, is an acrobatic spectacle. Boats flip, twist, turn, vault and cartwheel across the track, often ending upside down on the mud banks. The navigator and driver have head, body and arm restraints and there hasn't been one fatality since the sport's inception.

However Dittko says there are dangers. "I've been in seven roll-overs and the only thing that worries me is if I end up upside down in the middle of the track with all these restraints on."

The water in the middle of the track is only knee-deep, but it's still deep enough to drown in. If an emergency like this does arise, the numerous safety numbers positioned around the course are ready to pull the driver and navigator out to safety. Surprisingly, equipment breakages are also rare. If a boat does stack there is no redemption. It's classified as DNF (Did Not Finish) and no points are awarded. And if a boat successfully navigates its way around the labyrinthine track, then points are awarded according to times.

The navigator sees the track only that morning. There is no practice run and no chance to plan the route. He receives his particular course and must memorise the turns and islands. As they barrel down the course he directs the driver with his outstretched arm.

Meanwhile, Alan Wright explains the direction of the sport's appeal. "The whole thing takes place inside an area the size of a football field. It's close-up family entertainment. We get young people and mixed groups rather than blokes. But the growth area seems to be in young families."

Currently at Goolwa in South Australia jet boat racing regularly attracts crowds of between eight and 11,000. Not a bad turnout considering Goolwa is an 80-kilometre drive from Adelaide.

At the end of the course, the jet boat skims across the water like a dart, low and lethal, powering its way to the safety of the finishing line.

The electronic counter displays the boat's time (just over 59 seconds — an average run) and 15 seconds later another boat lurches onto the track.

At present in Australia, jet sprinting has only one class: open. The boat must be alloy or kevlar and no shorter than 14 feet. The engine block has to be cast iron — not aluminium — and the boat must have only one carby that needs to be naturally aspirated to satisfy the Australian Formula Jet Sprint Association (AFJSA), which controls the sport.

To become actively involved in jet boat sprinting, Herb Dittko says you'll need about $20,000, "and for each kilometre an hour faster you want to go," adds Dittko, "be prepared to pay another $1000."

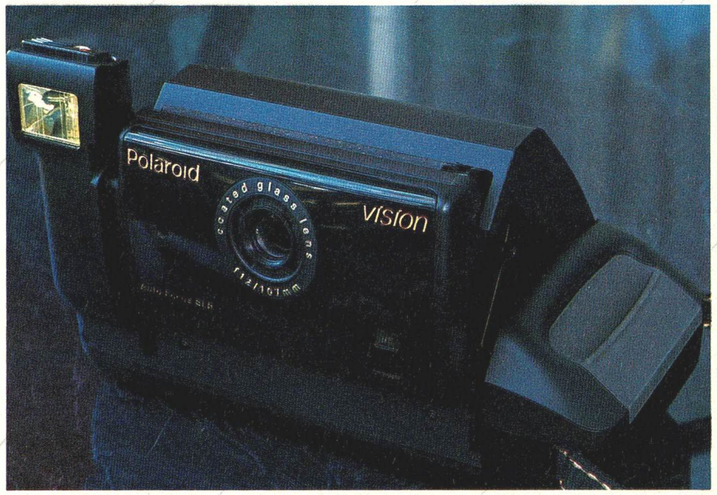
Overall, jet boat racing is an expensive, filthy, deafening mixture of mud and horsepower. And unless you go to see the sensational stacks, there seems to be little appeal. It's strange, then, that the crowds keep growing, and growing. — *Todd Cole*

Photos by Stephen Yates

state of the ar

Golden Greats

What do you get when you spend $4199 on a CD player? Well, apart from exclusivity, Kenwood's gold-finished L-D1 is designed to extract the very best performance from the digital audio format. Discs are loaded onto a turntable for maximum stability which is further improved by a 100 gram clamp. The whole lot is directly driven (rather than using belts or gears) to ensure the rotational speed is controlled with great accuracy. Vibration, the CD's greatest enemy during replay, is countered by using a diecast aluminium chassis which, in turn, is mounted on a support frame and encased in steel plate. As a result, the L-D1 weighs a hefty 20 kilos. Kenwood Electronics Australia is the distributor.



Instant Gratification

One of the biggest drawbacks with a Polaroid camera has been what to do with the instant prints while they're developing... there are only so many places you can stick 'em. The new Vision camera incorporates a compartment in which the developing prints are stored although they can be extracted at any time. A viewing window permits the last print taken to be checked and the compartment can store all ten prints from a Vision film pack. The camera itself is fully automatic with a built-in flash and, conveniently, permits reflex viewing for accurate framing. When not in use, it folds into a compact package for storage or carriage. Given its sophistication, the Polaroid Vision camera is very modestly priced at just $199.

Card Sharp

'Cardcam' is the title Sharp has adopted for its new VL-N1X 8mm format camcorder. The term refers to the camera's ultra-slim remote controller which can be carried on-board when not in use. The N1X has a 12x variable-speed power zoom coupled with a 320,000 pixel CCD image sensor which is sensitive down to just two lux (translation: very gloomy). A clever exposure control mimics the reaction of the human eye to very bright backlighting and other tricky situations and so provides automatic correction. Sharp is also offering a version of the Cardcam with a colour viewfinder (the VL-S6X). From Sharp Corporation of Australia.

Smart Shooter

Boasting enough features to make Spielberg envious, JVC's new GR-SZ1 video camcorder sets new standards for home video makers. It's a Super VHS-C format model with hi-fi stereo sound recording, but the really interesting design aspect is its lens which offers the choice of 8x or 11x zoom modes, a wide-angle setting and a 22x digital telephoto... all built-in. Additionally, a microscope mode gives up to 344x magnification. The SZ1 also has a built-in image stabiliser to cure the jitters, a colour viewfinder and a range of digital special effects. There's a choice of subject-biased exposure modes while the autofocusing takes distance measurements from 64 zones across the scene for remarkable accuracy. There's much more and distributor Hagemeyer (Australasia) B.V. will no doubt be pleased to supply the details.

Digital Deck

A staunch supporter of the new digital compact cassette (DCC) format is Marantz which has introduced two top-end recorders for the discerning home recordist. The most affordable is the $2499 DD-82 which plays back both DCC and analog cassettes plus permits digital recording on DCC blanks. To ensure the ultimate in home recording quality, the DD-82 employs 18-bit analog-to-digital converters and, at the other end of the sequence, Bitstream digital-to-analog chips for the output. Other features include full displays of album and track titles, extensive provisions for editing recordings, an auto reverse transport and full remote control. More information on the DD-82 and DCC in general is available from Marantz (Australia) Pty Ltd.

Where The F*** Are We?

It's not a question you'll need to ask if you carry Panasonic's KX-G5500, your very own personal satellite positioning system. The compact, hand-held unit can not only tell you exactly where you are, but it can store up to 99 waypoints for very accurate route planning in areas where road signs are a bit scarce. It can memorise up to nine different routes (in both forward and reverse direction) and is powered by a rechargeable NiCd battery with a lithium back-up. Information is displayed on a backlit LCD panel. The KX-G5500 is the world's smallest GPS receiver (it has five channels) and is supplied complete with antenna, carry case, battery charger, AC adapter and a dashboard mount. More info from Panasonic Australia.

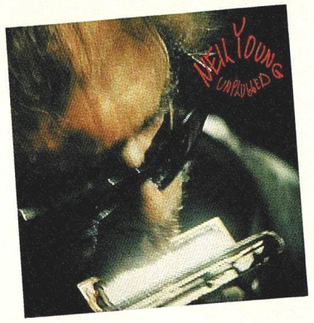
FRONT

sounds

review

ACOUSTIC SPLENDOUR FOR THE YOUNG AT HEART

The Makers are essentially a duo formed by Brian Baker and Eddie Rayner in Melbourne in 1990 and they've since added a permanent percussionist. Rayner was an essential ingredient in the Split Enz equation but it is his work with The Makers that best showcases his elegant way with the keys in terms of textures and song structures. Dubbed "quirky" by their record company, most of



their second album *Hokey Pokey* is anything but. Rayner cut his teeth on Seventies Art Rock which is evidenced not so much in extended instrumental sections but more in a sense of orchestration. This tendency towards stadium pop reaches its more pompous conclusions on tracks like "The Wisdom And The Wise" but they have the innate good sense to undercut it with moments of whimsy. As a vocalist Baker shows himself capable of considerable range from the breathy swoops and croons to the gentler moments on "Horizon" that promise much. The Makers have the makings, they're still reaching for that song.

The Unplugged series of releases from the MTV broadcasts, where familiar performers are caught with their electric pants down, have been so successful they've come to be synonymous with a whole style of performance. One of the most overdue and potentially finest moments for the series so far comes with **Neil Young** *Unplugged* (Reprise). Young goes back to The Buffalo Springfield for tracks like "Mr Soul" and touches most of the significant points of his career. With a small band of sympathetic strummers and some church pump organ for "Like A Hurricane" he sells his tunes on an intimate but powerfully playful level.

From French colonial Africa via Israel and time in the Paris jazz scene to a Melbourne residence, **Albare** has been honing his guitar skills. On *Acid Love Vol. 1* (Holy Cow) he mixes up a range of dance grooves with his clean jazz tone. Albare leaves the vocal chores to a range of singers and the emphasis is more on the groove than the song — the classic "acid jazz" scenario that has been huge in Europe. Recorded with his trusty computer, promotional touring has seen him in the company of a fluid, often firing nine-piece ensemble (not a sequencer in sight). Hopefully his live entourage may get their moment on a subsequent release.

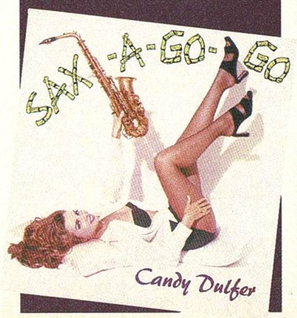
The **Cruel Sea** started life as a party band sporting some originals but mainly their

The Cruel Sea cook up a gently funky brew

favourite surf, soul and reggae instrumentals. They started to make bigger waves when the tall outspoken shadow of "Tex" Perkins loomed across their bow. He put words to some of their instrumentals and joined the band. Contrary to the title of their third release *The Honeymoon Is Over* (Polydor) this relationship has endured and flourished. The band's instrumental identity is preserved on five of the thirteen tracks from the freewheeling "Orleans Stomp" to the rasta mood of "X'n'Popn" — Booker T does Jamaica. They have a great affinity with the swampy, mainly acoustic funk of Tony Joe White whose "Woman With Soul" they cover. With single twanged lines, clean picking and tight clipped rhythms from the guitars and snippets of organ drawbar heaven from the keys, their influences are often obvious but the result is unique. Recorded in a mere two weeks in Melbourne under the eye of producer Tony Cohen they cooked up a gently funky brew devoid of fussy overdubs.— *Jeremy Cook*

THE FAIRER SAX

Another album where the songs are mainly excuses for instrumental workouts comes from Dutch sax player Candy Dulfer. Her second solo album *Sax-A-Go-Go* (BMG) demonstrates a more fluid authority than her debut. The track "Jamming", whose title is indicative of the set's mood, featuress the JBs (James Brown's horn section) and Ms Dulfer cross references herself with their legendary Maceo Parker in the other speaker.



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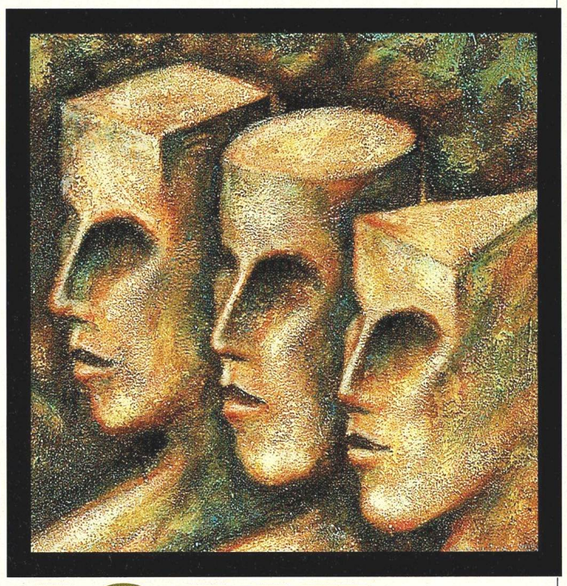

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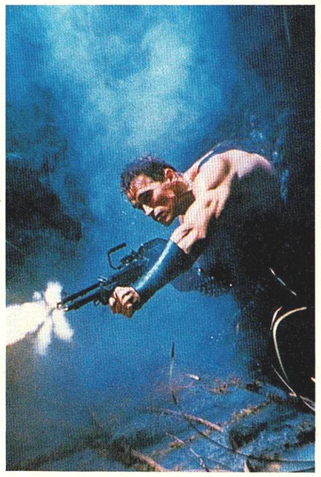
CENSORSHIP

FRONT

film review

ARNIE'S BACK AS THE LAST ACTION HERO



With the name Schwarzenegger on the credits of a film, you could probably add another $100 million to the box office melting pot. At least. **Last Action Hero**, the Kennedy family's most famous son-in-law's latest feature, should be no different.

Best termed "a movie about a movie", *Last Action Hero* makes its biggest mistake when a young boy in one of Arnie's films (played by Austin O'Brien) leaps into the screen and enters his action hero's world. From that point (real kid wandering around in celluloid-land where all the world's a prop) the film becomes something of an expounded kiddie film. Typical hijinks follow. Schwarzenegger punches in car windows, and handles explosives with his typical aplomb. But it doesn't end there.

Our young fan brings his action hero back into the real world, a move that doesn't really help the film which, by now, is wallowing in childishness.

Last Action Hero is a strong entry for its comedy

Otherwise, *Last Action Hero* is a strong entry for its comedy. And you'll probably have a chuckle when you see it. But you probably won't go back.

The film quite effectively uses its "film-world" to successfully try a few cameos including Chevy Chase, Jean-Claude Van Damme and Maria Shriver — Arnie's missus.

Arnie's a big, boofy bloke and we love him. So what if it has a few faults.

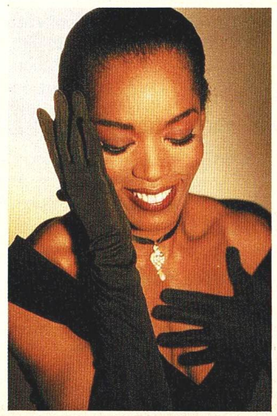
Ride with them and enjoy.
***

The last decade in Hollywood has seen an absolute slew of biographical tales make their way onto the screen. Next off the conveyor belt is **What's Love Got To Do With It**, a strong but not unflawed entry telling the life and times of showbusiness' most famous grandma — Tina Turner.

Based on her best-selling autobiography, the film covers her beginnings in music, her turbulent marriage to Ike and the eventual fame she was to covet for herself.

Angela Bassett turns in a stunning performance as the firebrand rocker while a little weaker but strong nonetheless is Laurence Fishburne as husband and musician Ike.

The dramatic interplay is fairly predictable, though never boring (you can just see where it's heading very easily), and when Tina, having suffered at Ike's hands for 20 years, finally hits back, you can be sure there will be a resounding cheer from the audience.



Powerhouse performances.
****

Harrison Ford is making a strange habit of stepping into roles as quickly as Alec Baldwin vacates them.

Ford replaced Baldwin in last year's smash *Patriot Games* and has again this year in **The Fugitive**, co-starring Tommy Lee Jones.

Based on the long-running and incredibly successful American TV series *The Fugitive*, the original story was about Dr Richard Kimble, a man accused of murdering his wife, tracked relentlessly by a cop called Girard and taunted by the real killer—a mysterious figure called The One-Armed Man.

The remake, in which Ford plays Kimble, sticks to the essential elements of the original story, kicking off the tale with a spectacular train crash from which Ford's character is freed, thus beginning the chase.

Fast, hard and entertaining.
**** — *Ford Buchanan*

AS THE CROWE FLIES

Russel Crowe returns to our screens in a film adaptation of the children's book The Silver Brumby, a slickly packaged and brilliantly acted Australian film that has definite adult appeal.

The story was first written in 1955 by author Elyne Mitchell for her daughter Indi who had complained that nothing in juvenile literature interested her.

***The Silver Brumby* works as a neatly-woven tale of legend about a spirited stallion called Thowra, born one night during a fierce storm.**

Told as the story of a mother writing for her daughter — Caroline Goodall plays Elyne and Ami Daemion, her daughter Indi — *The Silver Brumby* is a strong and entertaining film.

It successfully combines the excitement and mystery of Australian and Aboriginal history with the subject of passion for many children and adults — the noble horse.

Russell Crowe turns in an impressive performance. ***

Black Label Edition Video

NEW RELEASE

THE VISUALIZER

When the imagination of a screenwriter is stirred, fantasy and reality merge to become a sexual adventure of the highest calibre. *The Visualizer* is a classic tale about a true "shy guy" whose wildest erotic dreams materialise in front of his eyes. This full length feature stars some of the sexiest adult video stars of today including the seductive Selena Steele, Melanie Moore and the sensational Heather Hart.
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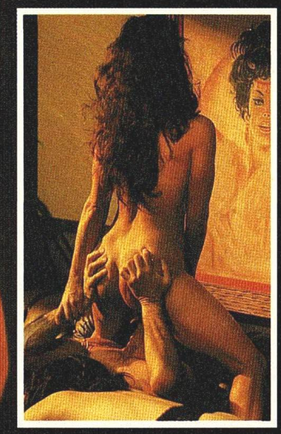

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What's the buzz?

I am a 23-year-old male and vibrators are my fantasy. Without any hindrance to our sex lives, my last girlfriend and I used a vibrator extensively. When we broke up, she kept it. I didn't mind this so much, except that I had grown very fond of her. Our relationship ended very coldly and suddenly. I was shut out like a dog. I got angry and demanded she return the vibrator. I can readily purchase another, but I feel that my frustration and anger will not stop until the "toy" is returned. She has already used the law to intervene in this matter, but in my mind it is still far from resolved. Why do I feel this way? Do you think I am foolish? If not, how can I let her know how I feel?

If she's gone as far as to use the law to intervene, I think she already knows how you feel. You're fixating on an inanimate object that symbolises your anger at being dumped and the whole exercise is a waste of energy. Snap out of it, you're not the first guy to be ditched. I suspect that in reality you're worried about not being able to find a girl who will use a vibrator with you. If this is the case, relax. There are plenty of women out there who enjoy using sex aids with their partners.

Hair and now

Is there any way to easily shave and maintain a bald pussy? It excites my husband and myself when my twat is bald. But we find it tedious having to shave it regularly. Do you have any ideas?

Like any hair growth, pubic hair simply sprouts no matter how often it is trimmed back. If a hairless pussy is your particular fetish then you'll have to make some sacrifices and shaving is one of them. Just as a man regularly shaves his face or a woman her legs, you're going to have to persist with a shave every few days to maintain your bald twat. When you consider the alternatives such as waxing, shaving seems a lot more pleasant. If you are determined not to shave, consult your doctor or a qualified beautician before trying anything like electrolysis or depilation creams.

Compulsory third party

My husband and I are in our mid 20's. We are both eager to meet a lady of the same age for an intimate relationship. My question is; how do you go about meeting such a lady? Are there any clubs where we could meet someone? Please help us as our fantasies of such a meeting are making us incredibly horny!

Before going any further, you must establish whether it is simply the idea *of having a woman join in your lovemaking that is proving to be such a turn-on. If it is, then let it remain a powerful fantasy. If, however, you want to realise this fantasy there are a number of ways to go about achieving it.*
Often partners can be located through contact magazines and swingers' bulletins that are available through most sex shops. You can also browse through the classified sections of newspapers and magazines for advertisements of couples-only "parties" where no single men are permitted to attend. The importance of safe sex here speaks for itself.

There's the rub

I'm a young career woman who lives in the suburbs. Every day I catch the train into the city. Every now and then in the peak of the rush hour crush, the occasional man comes just a little to close to me in the crowd and seems to rub against me.
More than once I've been in a situation where I was convinced that a man was rubbing up against me and getting off on it. Last week I thought a man pressing against me had an erection.
Am I imagining this or are there some weirdos who get themselves off by rubbing up against women in a crowded train?
I'm not as naive as I might sound, it's just that I can't really be sure if this is happening or if I'm imagining it.

There is a possibility that this is all in your imagination, but the reality of the situation is that you are probably not imagining it.
There are people, men mostly, whose specific kink involves rubbing up against people in a crowded public place and a rush-hour train provides the perfect setting.
Although this type of sexual release is pretty rare, people who rub up against others have been classified as frotteurs *from the French meaning "one who rubs."*
Unless you are turned on by this attention, it is a blatant invasion of your personal space and you should move away from this person as quickly as possible or even issue a stern reprimand on the spot if you feel that there are enough people around to not put yourself in a dangerous position.

Where did our love go?

Some six months ago I had to have a rather premature prostate operation (I am only 38). I had a great fear that I would no longer be able to get an erection and that it would signal the demise of my sex life. This was as far from the truth as I could get. If anything, I find my sex drive has shifted up a gear. My erection is as good and strong as ever and sex is just as pleasurable as it was before the operation. I have always masturbated a lot but the point is now when I come, it's dry. The fantastic sensation is still exactly the same however.
Can you please tell me where the come goes and is it harmful?

The bulk of the ejaculate is produced in the prostate gland, so if this is diseased or removed then the volume of the ejaculate is greatly diminished. Some diseases of the prostate and operations effect or remove the sphincter ring of muscle at the neck of the bladder and this often causes a loss of ejaculatory power.
This happens because when you come, this ring of muscle contracts to direct the seminal fluid along the urethra. If this doesn't happen, the ejaculate passes back into the bladder and, hey presto, no come. The fluid goes on to be passed out of the body the next time you take a leak and this is not harmful in any way.

Douching

Two questions have been plaguing me for some time and every person I ask gives me an ambiguous answer. Firstly, and this may sound terribly naive, but can a woman become pregnant while she is menstruating? And secondly, if a woman douches after every sexual encounter during the five days before she menstruates, would this be adequate enough to prevent pregnancy?

In the majority of cases a woman will not become pregnant while she is menstruating. A woman's fertile period is usually between 12 and 16 days before the beginning of her menstrual flow. However, there have been extraordinary cases where a woman has become pregnant during her period. So be careful and use a condom to be sure.
As for douching, forget it. Douching is not a safe method of birth control. In fact, douching is not recommended by most doctors except for medical reasons. A douche can change the Ph level of the vagina which can effect susceptibility to bacteria.

Burn baby burn

My wife and I need some information about sunburn. We want to go to a nude beach and I need to know if there is any type of special sunscreen needed for my wife's nipples. Will sunscreens irritate her labia?
Also as I am circumcised, I was wondering if sunscreen would be irritating on my glans, shaft or scrotum?
Also should we shower before making love if we've been wearing sunscreen? Please let us know. Neither blistered labia nor blistered penile tissue sound very inviting.

Seeking advice about sunburn on what is some of the most delicate skin on the body is a good move.
Because the genitals and nipples are usually covered by clothing, they are particularly susceptible to burning and blistering, much more than exposed areas like the arms or face.
The amount of melanin (skin pigment) in the genital area is minimal and therefore sunburn can be harmful to the skin, especially when close to the water which reflects the sun's rays.
Sunscreen will not irritate the nipples, penile tissue or labia. It's unlikely that you will get a bad skin reaction to a sunscreen but it is best to consult your doctor if you have any doubts on the subject.

Going to great lengths

I'm a 22-year-old male of average height and weight with a 15-centimetre dick. Recently I was with a girl who jokingly told me it was small. I have been masturbating about three times a week since I was 13. Is this the cause of my small size?
I have regular sex and no-one has ever said anything like this to me before. What is the average length for someone my age? I always suspected I was small but when this girl brought it up it really bothered me.
I'm seriously considering some form of penis enlargement, but I want to know if there are any problems with the devices sold in sex shops. Should I aspire to 20 centimetres? I have heard that this is the average penis size.

The girl who told you that your 15-centimetre dick is small must have been joking. While there are some blokes out there with bigger dicks, your size is perfectly "normal" and you jerking off three times a week has absolutely nothing to do with your size.
Although they are reported to make good masturbatory aids, there is little evidence that the penis enlargers sold in sex shops actually work. Besides, almost all of your future partners will find your dick distinctly adequate and if they don't, well that's their problem. Don't take these jokers too seriously.

Tie a yellow ribbon

Many years ago I read that men of a certain community would tie a piece of ribbon around the base of the erect penis before having sex.
The article assumed that the semen was re-absorbed into the genitals causing no discomfort or danger to health.
Did such a practice exist and can you recommend it today?

While it cannot be said with absolute certainty that a practice like this never existed, it would not be recommended today nor would it have the effect you describe.
Perhaps your anecdotal information stems from the practice of the "squeezing technique".
This is used as a delaying device when the bloke concerned is worried about coming too soon. When used correctly it causes the erection to subside temporarily but it certainly does not stop ejaculation at orgasm.

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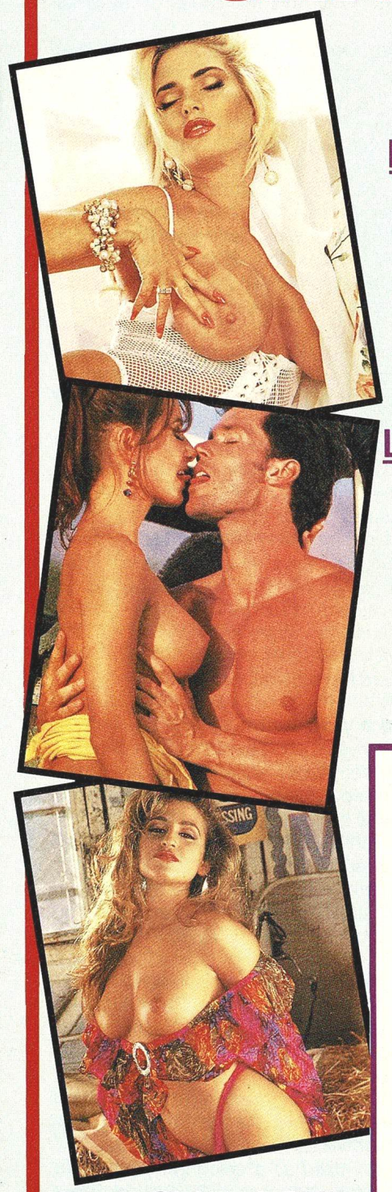

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Eye of the Beholder

Lorissa McComas is a 21-year-old art student who models nude for anatomy studies to earn extra money. Her favourite painters are Monet and Chagall and when she is not at her desk she can be found being mesmerised by a canvas at the local gallery.

Lorissa says that she likes artistic men who live with a passion and flair for the extreme. "In fact," she smiles, "if Salvador Dali were still alive, I would track him down and seduce him mercilessly."

KANTOR'S

CELEBRITY SKINS

Roseanne Arnold

Photo by International Photographic Library / Roger Allyn Lee

When does self-defence become a crime?

Gunning FOR JUSTICE

Peter Smith locked the gates of the car rental business he was managing and prepared for the journey home.

He was in comfortable middle age, with a wife, kids and his own home in Sydney's southern suburbs.

Apart from working as a depot manager with Avis, the 47-year-old picked up the odd shift as a security guard to make sure his family never wanted for anything.

BY JOSEPH ALLBEURY

Gunning

He threw his gate keys into his briefcase on the back seat of his late model Falcon. They landed next to the holstered pistol he was licensed to carry for his second job.

If he was required to work, a call would have come that afternoon. But today the phone was silent, so Peter headed south over the Harbour Bridge.

On the approach to the Bridge, Smith noticed a Holden station wagon in the next lane with an elderly couple at the wheel. Behind them, two young men in a Datsun 280Z were harassing them by throwing one and two cent coins at their car, causing them considerable distress. Despite verbal pleas from the grey-haired woman passenger, the two men persisted.

"I felt sorry for her," says Smith, "so as we went through the toll gates, the Datsun was on my left and I just cut in behind the station wagon to stop them harassing the couple further.

"This apparently upset the driver considerably and he tailgated me all the way across the Harbour Bridge trying to push me along. The Falcon I was driving left them for dead and once I got away, I thought I'd lost them and that was the end of the matter.

"A few minutes later, I pulled up at a red light in Bourke Street and was just sitting there with the window down, waiting for the traffic to move. The next I knew, a fist came through the window and hit me on the temple, knocking my glasses off."

A frenzy of blows followed. The two men, stopped at the same traffic lights, had run up on each side of Smith's car to wreak vengeance on the man who had spoiled their fun.

The two were of similar build; 24 years of age, 2m tall, 90kg and tough, versus a 47-year-old, 70kg, good Samaritan.

As the assault continued, the blows cracked Smith's lip, cut his mouth, knocked out teeth and battered his jaw. At the same time, he was conscious of the second assailant making a frustrated attempt to get in the locked passenger door to continue the attack from two fronts.

"I was literally trapped in my seat belt and couldn't do much to retaliate. It all happened so quickly. The only thing I could think about was to defend myself, so I reached between the bucket seats and grabbed the pistol out of the spring holster in my briefcase and brought it round.

"As soon as I got it to bear on him, around the position of my left knee, I fired a shot which hit him in the left arm. But this didn't slow him down. He still kept using my head as a punching bag so I fired a second shot which apparently hit him in the chest, an inch from his heart. He stood back and uttered in amazement, 'you've shot me'."

From the moment Smith squeezed the trigger, his life changed. From being the victim of a callous assault to being the deliverer of a gun-shot wound, he effectively converted his legal status from the defender to defendant.

The amount of force he used in his defence was undoubtedly excessive, but the question Smith had to answer was whether it was justifiable.

After several hours of questioning by Darlinghurst Police, Smith signed a record of interview and was informed that the man he had shot was in a serious condition and wasn't expected to live. Smith was charged with malicious wounding with intent to murder and locked up overnight.

The next morning at Central Local Court, he was granted $5000 bail and a date was fixed for the hearing. Smith intended making a plea of not guilty based on self-defence.

"The law has recognised self-defence for a very long time for both yourself, your spouse, your children or your property," explains Sydney criminal lawyer John Bettens.

"When self-defence is raised in a criminal trial, it is encumbered on the prosecution to prove beyond reasonable doubt that the accused was not acting in self-defence. Once the defence raises it, the onus falls back on the Crown to prove otherwise.

"The test that has to be applied is a subjective one. In other words, what you have to look at is whether the accused person had a belief that it was necessary to act in the way that they did in self-defence and whether there were reasonable grounds for that belief. The person has to explain that if they didn't use the force that they did, they believed X,Y and Z would have happened to them. There would also need to be some objective evidence supporting X,Y and Z happening.

"There is a rule however, that you only use as much force as is necessary to repel the harm that is being done to you. Beyond that, it becomes excessive force."

Miraculously, the man Smith had shot survived and when the hearing came up, the "shoot with intent to murder" charge was dropped and he was officially charged with malicious wounding.

The trial took place a year later and Smith was acquitted by a 12-person jury on the grounds of self-defence in what he himself described as an open and shut case.

Smith's version of these events was

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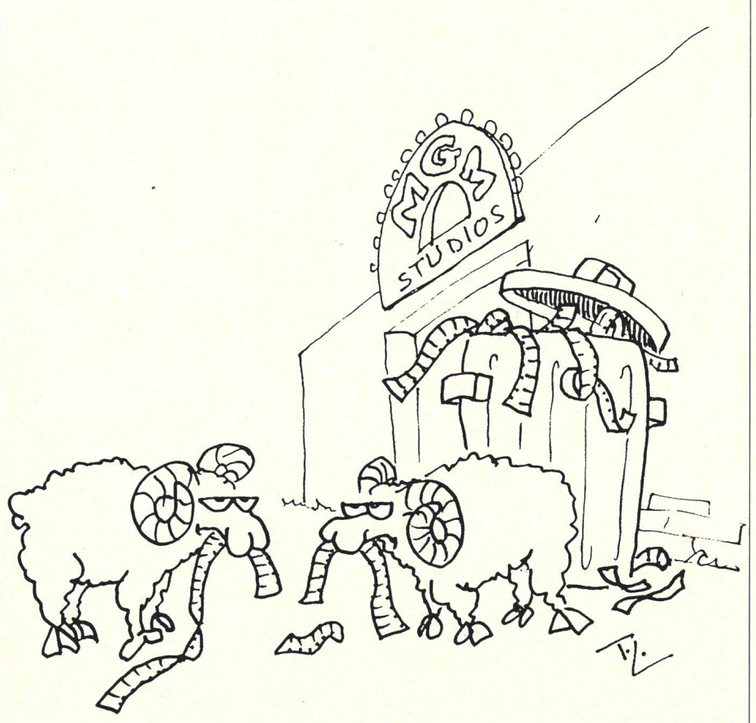
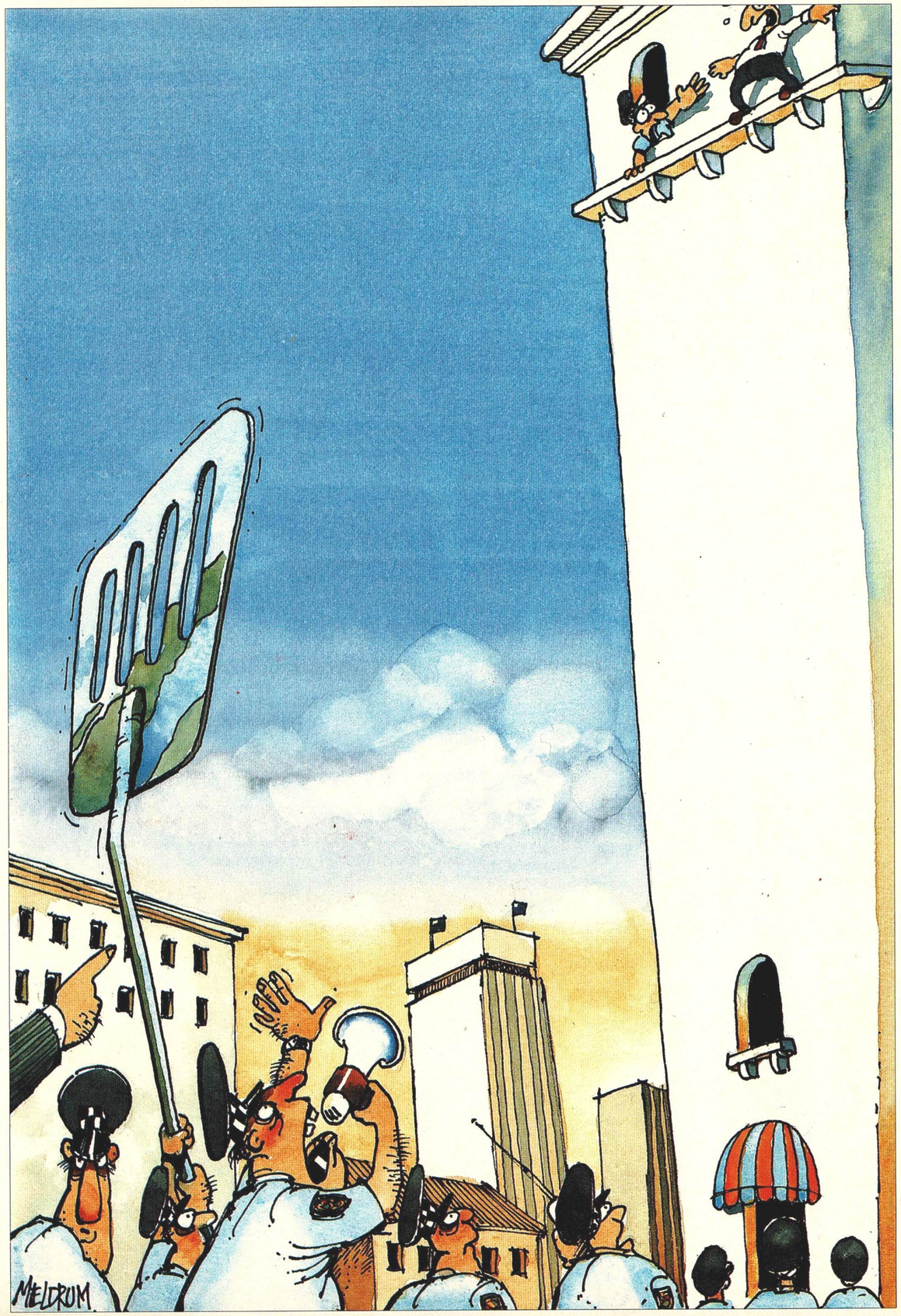


"You're right, the book was better."



PERSONAL ASSISTANCE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL

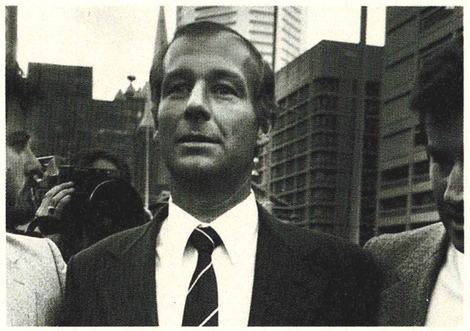
Richard's regular secretary had been away ill for some weeks and the temp sent over by the agency had been filling in admirably.
Kelly was intelligent, enthusiastic and had been giving Richard unmistakable signals ever since she walked into the office. On her last day at the office she contrived a reason to stay late, knowing that Richard would be working back as always.

She decided that it was to be now or never and she approached him in a manner that he found irresistible. Throwing office decorum aside, Richard found himself transfixed by Kelly's athletic body which began to slowly emerge from the garments that fell from her lithe frame. Richard decided to explore what had only been hurriedly dismissed fantasies and he ran his tongue and fingertips over her smooth warm flesh.

Kelly, however, had little time for pleasantries and targeted his most sensitive places in an eager quest to give him pleasure as yet unexperienced.
Together they made love in every way they knew how and slowly built to a delicious climax that delivered everything it promised.

From departmental commendations to his cell in Long Bay, **Roger Rogerson's** police career was never ordinary

ROGUE COP!



Almost from birth, Roger Caleb Rogerson was destined to stand out from the crowd. For one thing, his name had an exceptional quality, a distinctive ring — and it immediately set him apart. It was always going to draw stray comments — the kind of name that is easy to remember and hard to forget. Indeed, his father, a waterfront worker, reportedly chose his middle name as an inspirational and symbolic reference to a character in the Old Testament. In Hebrew, it means "bold one" or "faithful brother". Others say it translates as "dog".

BY JOHN J DUFFY

Rogerson

Despite the trivia of his name, Rogerson — "The Dodger", "The Jackal" or "Thumper" — will never be forgotten.

His misdeeds and proven criminality in a career spanning four decades have etched him forever in the annals of Australian police folklore; a luminescent symbol of how a good cop can turn bad...of how a detective — widely acknowledged as having unparalleled investigative skills — can succumb to power and greed, forsaking a stable career and family for the giddy rush of adrenalin, dollars and domination.

His latest public skirmish, however, is also the most ironic.

Up in Redfern, at NSW's Independent Commission Against Corruption, Commissioner Ian Temby QC is probing alleged links between cops and crooks during the hurly burly of the 1970s and 80s. In the witness box, Rogerson — and a host of serving and former NSW police officers — have been fending off claims by Rogerson's once-prized criminal informant, Arthur Stanley "Neddy" Smith, that they were corrupt.

Chillingly, Smith has labelled Rogerson as the predominant corrupt influence.

At a time when Rogerson was winning media plaudits for triumphing over armed robbers and vicious standover men, Smith says it was Rogerson who was actually involved in such crimes. Not only this, but also the intimidation of assault victims — telling them the benefits of not complaining to police; of not proceeding with charges.

It's important to say that Rogerson has steadfastly rejected such allegations — in a similar manner to his past defences.

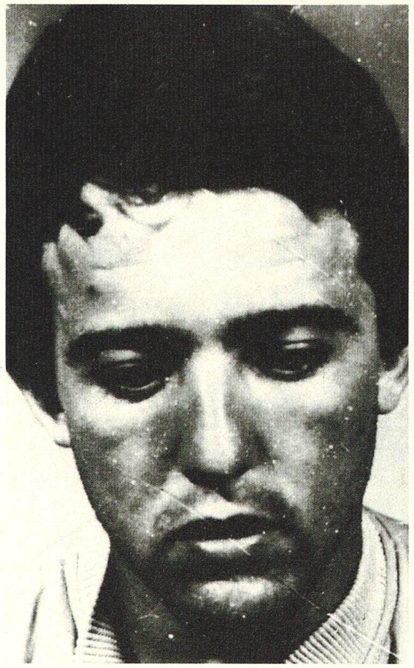
But, this time, it's the source of the criminal claims that has been so surprising. Years ago, this unorthodox pair ruled supreme in the streets of Sydney — Rogerson and Smith — arguably forging the police world's most formidable alliance.

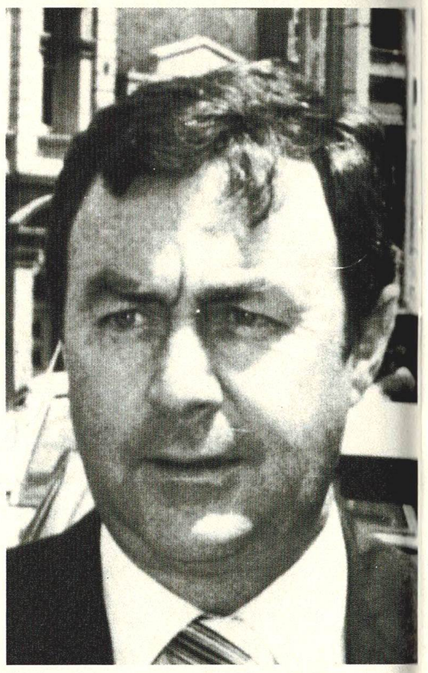
Now, they stand in the opposite corners.

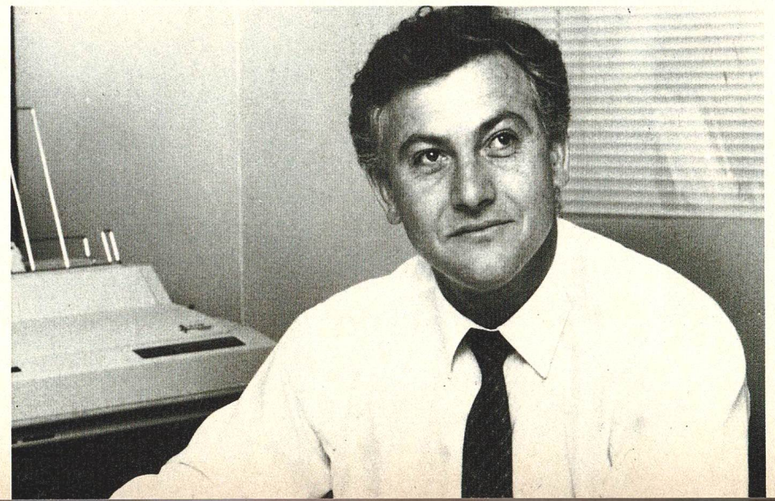
An official report on Smith's allegations — including recommendations for criminal charges — is expected to be completed by mid-1994; by which time Rogerson will yet again be contemplating his release from prison. Not one to disappoint, Rogerson's recent testimony, despite lacking precision, has nonetheless given avid court watchers a flavour for the impregnable witness-box style he exhibited in his heyday as a detective.

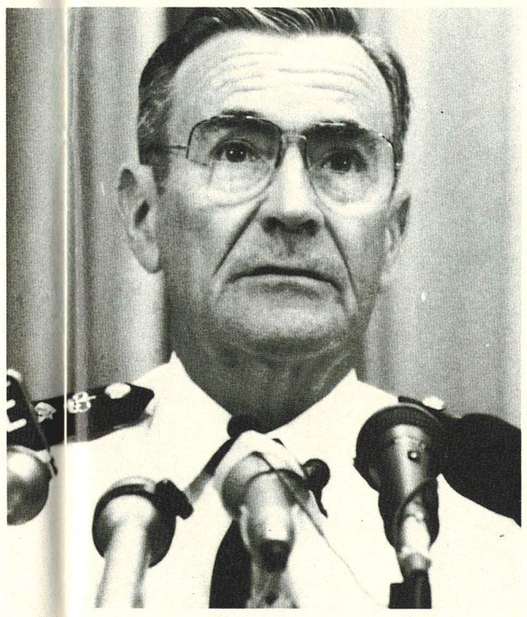
For someone accustomed to perfection, Rogerson really has suffered a humiliating fall from grace.

But this is not just a story about another tall poppy.









Clockwise from top left: Murdered heroin dealer Warren Lanfranchi; Detective Bill Duff; Bank surveillance camera captures the "penniless" Rogerson making a substantial transaction; Corruption-busting Police Commissioner John Avery; Undercover drug-cop Mick Dury, the victim of an attempted assassination; Arthur "Neddy" Smith, Rogerson's once-prized criminal informant.

As a copper, Rogerson was feared and revered by police and criminals alike

As a copper, Rogerson was brave, brash, even bold; unshakeable in court, feared and revered by police and criminals alike. He killed two people in the line of duty and helped solve some of the most bloodcurdling crimes of his day. In short, he was strikingly successful in all that he did.

Not even his most strident adversaries would dispute such prowess.

Reared in the CIB in the 1960s — days when a detective ruled without question or fear of inquisition, when civil liberties were merely a university option — Rogerson's enigmatic bravado would eventually grow out of step with the community's expectations.

In a nutshell, the police changed — but Rogerson failed to see the signals.

Born to British migrants on January 3, 1941, Rogerson spent his formative years in the western Sydney suburb of Bankstown, immersed in blue collar ethics and strong family values. No-one can ever remember the Rogerson child as being just "average": by all accounts he was a great student.

Sometimes, he performed recitals on the church organ.

Still a teenager, Rogerson enlisted as a police cadet as soon as he could. But even as a rookie, his perceptive eye put him head and shoulders above the rest.

Said a classmate in recruit training: "There were over 100 in our class and he was always up there in the first one or two in terms of academic achievement. He had so much aptitude. He could pick something up straight away and he was perceptive and loved being a policeman. I think he wanted to be the best — and he probably was."

So quickly and impressively did Rogerson take to the task of policing that he had two commendations for excellence before being officially sworn in as a constable. Indeed, after only a fistful of years experience, he made the transition into plain clothes, to the mysterious world of the detective.

But in his early years, there was no sign of the turbulence that would follow. Seemingly everything he touched turned to gold.

Happily married with two daughters, Rogerson became renowned as the good samaritan who trimmed neighbourhood lawns, the devoted family man, the humble owner of a Volkswagen. In essence, he was the veritable embodiment of puritanism; of morals and integrity — a top cop everyone wanted to know.

Such was the esteem in which he

Continued on page 101

HUMOUR BY JEAN NORMAN

are YOU paranoID?

ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC LOBBECKE

Relax. Some of my best friends are paranoid. The best people always are. Paranoids are special. Paranoids are caring people who are aware that any other state of mind is inappropriate for the Nineties. There's the Yanks merrily incinerating nerve gas in the Pacific, the Japs cheerily carting plutonium up and down the Tasman and the weather *has* been strange lately.

Yes, we're talking about you!

Paranoid

How many times a day do people tell you not to be paranoid and then you turn out to be right? Those phone calls when the person hung up as you answered were from your wife's secret lesbian lover. The guy behind you on the railway platform was about to push you in front of the train. That 747 flying too low overhead did crash into your barbecue area. Nobody calls Salman Rushdie paranoid for checking under his bed for fundamentalist maniacs at night. Why shouldn't you do the same? You never know — you could have upset one of those people.

What is wrong with being paranoid? Someone's got to actually read the emergency instructions on aeroplanes. Someone's got to worry what the neighbours will think and have a resistance planned against alien invaders. Many paranoids are mostly paranoid about just how paranoid they are. They're reading this, perhaps as you are, to discover whether they really are certifiable.

ARE YOU BONKERS?

Can your in-laws have you committed to an asylum? Can an ex-girlfriend petition the authorities to have you put under electro-convulsive shock therapy? Absolutely. These are feasible possibilities to the mind of the practising paranoid. Of course you could just be a normal, run-of-the-mill, self-actualising psychopath with a few charming paranoid delusions.

Or, you could actually have an official "personality disorder" — which is the politically correct term for general lunacy and slobbering loopiness.

You can tell if your personality is disordered or not by checking how many friends you have left. Are any of them less crazy than you? Yes. Then you may have an untidy personality but not an actual disorder. Medically, the true paranoid is the guy who persists in maintaining a paranoid idea despite repeated invalidation. So if you're at a party and become convinced that the girl in the corner is giggling with her friend about your awful hair/tie/penis and your friend says, "Don't be stupid" and you can be argued out of it, then you are not clinically paranoid.

But if you say to your girlfriend that the chopper overhead is following you personally (*a la* Ray Liotta in *Goodfellas*) and she says, "Don't be paranoid darling" but you ignore her because you've got to somehow swing the car off the motorway and into the gully — then you're a pro and there's some people in white coats who'd love to meet you.

The practising paranoid exhibits what's called a "persecution complex." The amateur paranoid may think that the Freemasons are bugging his bathroom, but the clinical paranoid will rip his bathroom tiles up in an insomniac fit one night.

If the only people you get along with any more are manic hysterics and paranoid schizophrenics there is a cure. Psychiatrists find treating the paranoid tricky because he'll eventually assume the shrink's in league with his father and ex-girlfriend in a plot to finally fuck his life up. Self-help is the answer. So ask yourself honestly, over a stiff drink...

Why the CIA would find your cheap little tax swindles or minor league adultery at all fascinating compared with the thrill of inciting revolutions, blowing up Greenies and supplying arms to psychopathic dictators?

If it's possible that someone could have rung the wrong number at three in the morning but was too embarrassed to explain?

Is the government really so organised they can mate your high school delinquency records with tax statements and conceal video cameras in your ceiling?

Whether any of your ex-girlfriends are actually so embittered and skilled enough at witchcraft to put a Satanic curse on your love life?

Like any maniac, paranoid people hail from all walks of life and can be full, part-time or casual nutters. Here's a guide to just some of the different ways to be paranoid. Perhaps one of them is you. Maybe they're all you. Nobody ever said paranoid personalities couldn't be multiple as well.

THE CAREER PARANOID

Life's a bitch-Goddess for the paranoid in the workplace. He knows the boss hates his guts and he's usually right.

He also knows the photocopier and the fax machine hate him. If there's any form of shredded paper in a bin he'll wait till after everyone's gone home to sort through it looking for his name. Someone giggling or muttering into a phone across the office sends the career paranoid into a frenzy of persecution. The phone call's obviously about him. A sidelong glance from the boss at his shoes precipitates a sweaty-palmed, racing-hearted anxiety attack. If there's a request to actually go and see the boss he won't think it's a rise — he'll storm in there with his "always hated this fucking job anyway" speech ready.

The paranoid boss is obviously convinced all his employees are scheming to humiliate and depose him. Whereas the staff think the work coffee is cheap and cruddy, the paranoid employer can detect granules of potassium chloride in his.

CHRISTIAN PARANOIA

Because they've got such exciting things to develop persecution complexes over, Christians (especially the fundamentalist strain) exhibit extreme paranoia. A stray thought, not even a deed, can get him first in line for the Dress Circle of Hell, targeted by the demonic Armageddon giant locust plague or stamped with the number of the beast when the Kingdom comes.

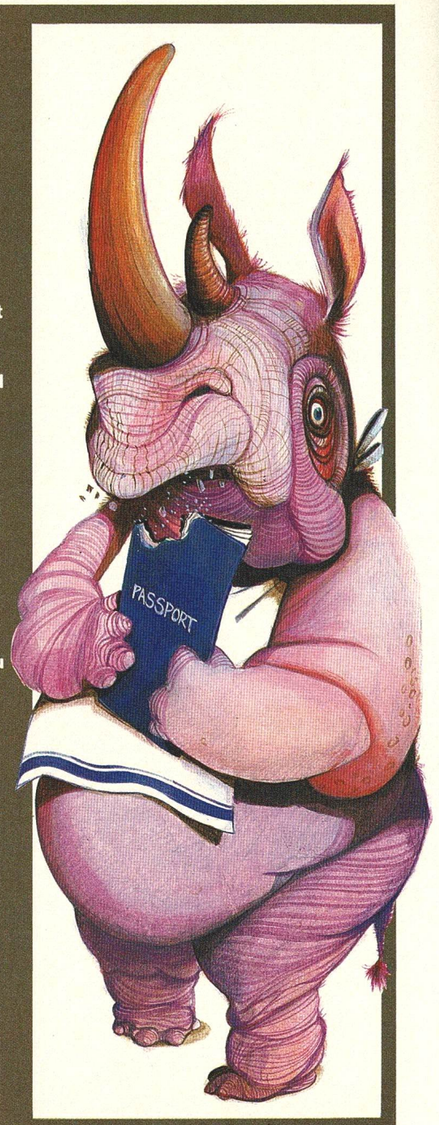
Knowing for sure that the sky's about to fall on his head or that the end of the world is nigh doesn't make him any less paranoid. And — here's the hallmark of the classic paranoid — the fact that Armageddon has to keep on being postponed doesn't cause the Christian to doubt his premise.

PARANOID DRUGGIES

Drugs can quickly introduce even the non-paranoid into the exciting world of paranoia. It can be some drongo raving on about the eccies he took at the dance party in front of your Queensland Inspector of Police father-in-law, or your own stupidity in offering to score some great hash for a colleague who turns out to be a rabid anti-narcotics campaigner.

Regular recreational drug users also get a taste of what's known as toxic psychosis. Customarily bright, life-enhancing positive thoughts are transformed within hours into manic paranoid delusions. The funk can be the livery dark pessimism of the hungover, the twitch and jerk reflex of

The paranoid traits checklist



1. You're feeling a little tired. Surely it can't just be the hangover and not eating for four days? And that rash on your thigh? You think that perhaps when you pulled that muscle in your thumb last decade the hospital gave you a secret experimental contaminated blood transfusion?

2. You have a household cockroach massacre and wonder whether the new, improved roachicide chemicals will make them mutate, grow into baby rhinos and exact a hideous revenge. You already know it was them who ate your passport.

3. You fall in love. This is IT. You have her meet you for dates at "your place" outside the post office where you have your PO Box. Just for the first year until you get to know her better.

4. Quite often when you're on the phone there's a funny hissing noise down the line. Exactly the sort of sound a phone would make if it were being tapped.

5. It's past midnight and you can hear a strange clicking noise in the walls. Should you prepare to defend the home against a psychopathic serial killer or pray in case it's a ghost?

6. You're at the pub which is about to close and the barperson shuts off the jukebox before your favourite song can come on. You know that he knows what that song means to you and that he's done it on purpose to prove he hates you.

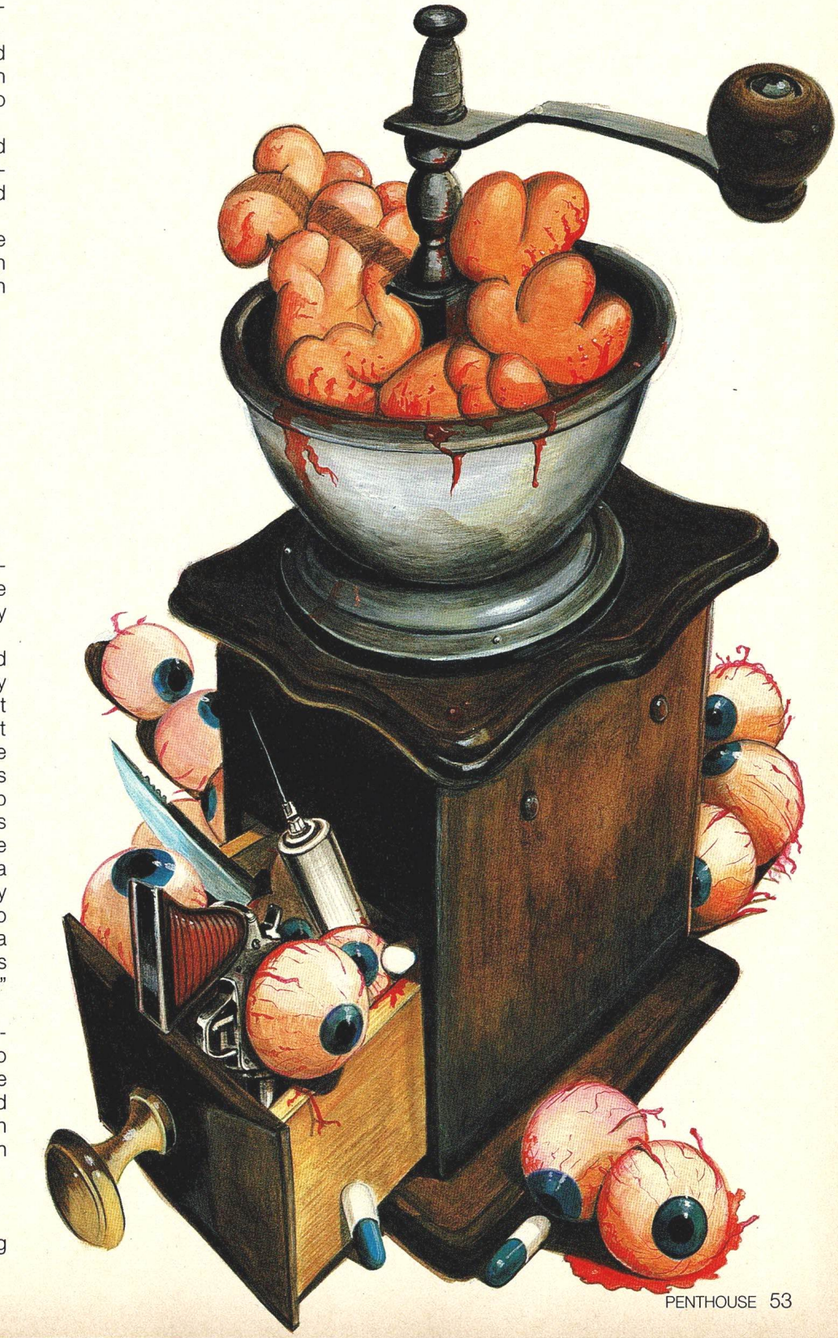
7. You get so pissed at lunchtime you can't go back to work. Next morning you're still drunk and also aware that a white slaver spiked your drink with angel dust. Now that you think about it you can recall a sudden needle jab in your thigh around midnight.

8. You get in the lift and work out contingency plans for when the cable snaps or the thing gets stuck and oxygen runs low. Who would you kill first? You check that the emergency phone works.

9. Some days you're paranoid about becoming a derelict. Summer would be okay but where would you doss down in winter? Other days you're worried you'll become so famous that people will be hired to rummage through your garbage and sell their findings to *Hard Copy*. You start censoring your garbage.

10. You know that the people who say lightly "don't worry it'll never happen" or tell you not to be paranoid, are plotting against you.

If more than four of the previous traits apply, you're utterly paranoid and are hopefully reading this in a pleasant dark room with the straitjacket loosened enough so you can turn the pages without dislodging the lithium drip.



Paranoid

the amphetamine buzzed or the creeping fear of the cannabis compromised.

The only cure is to wait till the drug is out of your system. Wait till your teeth stop grinding, till you stop leaping out of your skin at the phone ringing, till the earth stops trembling, till the bed stops shaking, till the bugs stop crawling up your leg and those strange shadows stop flickering in and out of the corner of your aching eyes. And all the while you're riding the fear you have to avoid enclosed spaces, open spaces, other people, being alone, noise, quiet, bright light, darkness, heights, depths, electronic appliances, public transport, taxi drivers, cars and buildings.

THE PARANOID HIPPIE/NEW AGER

The New Age paranoid panics at the idea of encounter groups and crystal therapists wanting to cleanse his psyche of negative thoughts. Where would his psyche be without negative thoughts? Would he still even have a couple of brain cells left to call his own? But the practising paranoid hippie relaxes after discerning the persecutional pleasures of the New Age.

There are tarot packs that can be contaminated by evil spirits. There are ancient spirits coming through channels to warn us all of the international sex/money/power conspiracies and impending earthquakes.

IBM really *is* run by aliens. There's reincarnation. Imagine the paranoid joy of knowing you were being followed, not by someone alive now but, by a dead entity you'd pissed off in a past life?

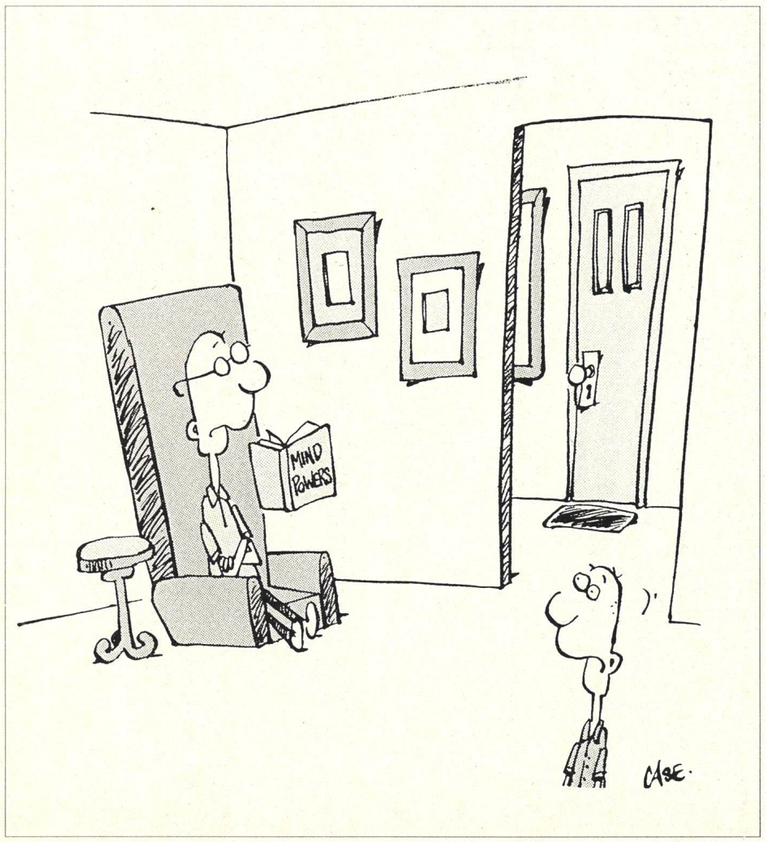
Or of still feeling paranoid about having been hung, drawn and quartered in the 14th Century? Or of knowing that you truly were Napoleon no matter what all those other imposters may say?

The concept of karma as a sort of cosmic payback system also fascinates the paranoid New Ager. "You think you've got bad karma? I fucked up so badly when I was in charge of the lost city of Atlantis, I've got major bad karma!"

MALL PARANOIA

Like drugs, malls can induce paranoid psychosis in the most well-adjusted of people. It's the combination of flickering fluorescents, local retards slithering around in tacky clothes, dysfunctional or frankly pathological relationships being played out in the aisles around you, and subliminal advertising urging your subconscious to join the mob surging towards the special on wood-pine scented toilet ducks.

Suddenly the person susceptible to mall paranoia sees himself reflected in an especially garish store display. Hell. He looks like one of the local mall crawlers. Why is he here? Where's the exit? Wait. A coffee. So he sits down at the mall coffee shop and there's a strange looking guy in the corner downing espressos and he's got a huge bag at his feet. A bag big enough to contain a machine gun. (Related to mall paranoia is McDonalds paranoia...it's the same why-am-I-here and what-if-someone-I-know-sees-me syndrome along with a more sinister fear as to what the Fillet of Fish is actually manufactured from.)



MEN WHO ARE PARANOID ABOUT WOMEN AND THE WOMEN WHO LOVE THEM

If a woman offers one of these men a home-cooked dinner — well, cooked by the deli and reheated — or a friendly no-obligation blowjob, their minds boggle. The female-fearing paranoid knows women are out to get him. You can ask him the time and he'll snap that he doesn't want a commitment. He knows women want his balls, soul, mind, money and independence on a platter and that the manipulative bitches will dump him the moment they get it. This particular paranoid personality justifies the fact that no woman's been near him for a decade with the idea that he's too strong for them. They wouldn't try it on. Anyway he'd rather pay for sex because then he knows what he's getting.

WOMEN WHO ARE PARANOID ABOUT MEN AND THE MEN WHO LOVE THEM

With some girls, you can buy them a drink and they see in front of them an affable new bloke. A potential man or, if you're really lucky, they see a potential person.

Paranoid females take one look at you and think why is he doing this? What is this bastard's motive? You're either a bigamist, multiple rapist or callow Casanova-complexed wanker who'll expect a major fuck session for one measly gin and ten minutes desultory chat about some rock concert, or your stupid car/job/ex-girlfriend.

A paranoid She-Creature will get involved with you just to confirm how shitty the men in her life are.

Then if you skip seeing her for a night she'll want a doctor's certificate if she isn't to assume you're two-timing her or have some filthy perversion she's not allowed to be involved in.

She knows that your scheme is to get her emotionally involved before getting up at dawn, putting on your clothes backwards, saying, "See you round babe" and pissing off forever.

And she's right because as you get to know her that idea grows more and more appealing.

Barbara

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DENYS DEFRANCESCO

No Doubts

At 22, Barbara Larson knows exactly what she wants out of life, men and sex.

"I live my life totally open to every experience. I won't knock something until I've tried it and the men I'm with don't have to be macho daredevils but they must have a sense of adventure and a curiosity about the unknown."

"Making love is the combination of so many intense emotions which should be felt individually and to their full extent. I like a man who can explore the psychological side of sex as well as the physical side."

kickback

BY MARK DAPIN

PHOTOS BY ALLSPORT

In the fast-paced world of kickboxing, everyone seems to be making money except the fighters

Dale Floyd, president of the World Kickboxing Association, was "getting more and more suspicious" of Tamara Allison and Joseph Watson. The NSW Boxing Authority "was investigating them." *Penthouse* photographer Bambi, who shot some pre-fight publicity, "just had a funny feeling about them."

Few people will admit to being fooled by Allison and Watson, promoters of the "Night of the Living Legends", but the couple managed to skip the country owing around $100,000 to Australian kickboxing investors.

Kickback

It was going to be the biggest fight-night this country had ever seen. Allison and Watson, trading as World Wide Entertainment Brokers, said they would stage their spectacular on 23 January at the 35,000-seater Parramatta Stadium outside Sydney.

Australia's champions would take on the world, on a bill boasting four WKA-sanctioned world title fights, including Stan "the Man" Longinidinis' rematch with Maurice Smith, Alex Tui's third clash with Kash Gill, and Sakad — a Thai then resident in Sydney — against Thai champion Krongsak.

Jean-Claude Van Damme was to appear, as was *Action Jackson* star Carl Weathers, the cast of *Beverly Hills 90210*, and even Kate Ceberano.

"I'll be there," promised Van Damme on a promotional video clip. "You'll be there."

But he wasn't, nor were you, and nor were Allison and Watson.

The couple spent about three months in Sydney, running up astronomical bills wherever they went — including $2000 at one Oxford Street deli.

Allison, who did most of the talking, promised the world. She offered Stan Longinidis a purse of $200,000, around ten times more than he had ever received for a fight. Longinidis' carefully structured fight plan did not include a rematch with Smith until the end of the year.

Longinidis lost his last bout with the WKA's awesome World Heavyweight Champion, and wanted to be at his best the next time they met but, according to Dale Floyd, Allison was very seductive. "I don't know if it was the combination of the money and her, but she managed to get Stan Longinidis to change his mind."

Floyd calls Allison "very charming, very attractive ... very beguiling.

"I talked to Van Damme's management to get him to come over here, and they didn't want to do it," he says. "She talked to them in the way that she had of talking to people, and she managed to talk them into it. I think she was offering him three times his normal appearance fee to come over."

The last time Van Damme was approached to come to Australia, Sydney promoter Glenn Coxon was negotiating around the figure of $500,000.

"[Allison and Watson] forged documents to make it look like they had Fosters sponsoring them and Budweiser sponsoring them. The document that was faxed to me, they'd made it up themselves," says Floyd.

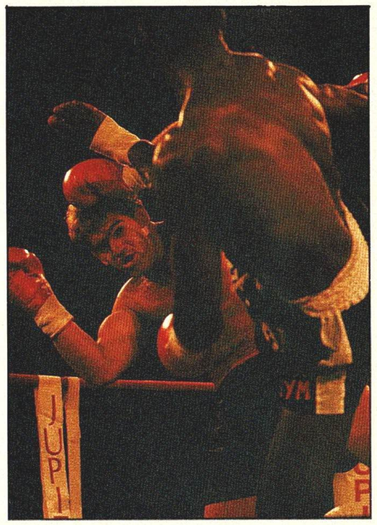
Allison was trading on the whisper of worldwide television rights, and the royalties that could be earned from having Van Damme on a video of the evening.

On the day they were due to front up with the fighters' 20-percent deposit, Allison and Watson took a NorthWest Airlines' flight to Los Angeles.

A private detective has found Allison's father in Idaho. Tamara Allison is not his daughter's real name.

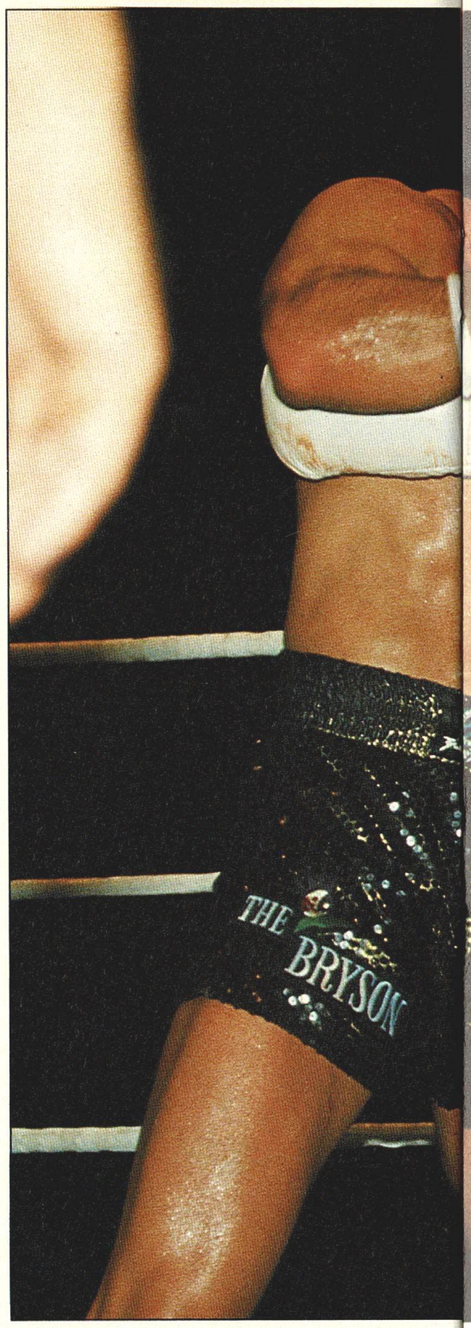
Part of the reason Allison and Watson were able to work their scam was bad communication. If the WKA and the NSW Boxing Authority were in closer contact, it might have been more widely known that the authority does not have Sakad registered as a professional kickboxer and he therefore could not have fought as they claim. Dave Moreland of the Boxing Authority says Sakad has a detatched retina and is probably too old to fight anyway. (In NSW, no fighter is allowed in the ring after his 36th birthday.)

Allison gave Floyd a receipt showing she had paid money to the Boxing Authority. Moreland says she and Watson "registered as promoters and discussed what they had to do, but they never applied for a permit" for the show.



He won in the opening minutes by shattering his opponent's shin with a legkick

Right: Stan "The Man" Longinidis (in the black trunks) in action against Branko Cikatic. Below: Grant Barker (in the black trunks with red trim) mixes it up with Brit T. Herod.



The scheme also paid off because everybody wanted to believe they would make their fortunes. Professional sport is about money — for the managers, athletes, trainers and associations.

Stan "the Man" Longinidis, recognised by both the WKA and its rival the International Sporting Karate Association (ISKA) as a world champion says, "People are starting to smell the money now. I don't mind people making money, as long as I get my share."

Born-again Christian Longinidis did not get his share from his win over Dennis Alexio. "By the time I paid my own expenses, I didn't make anything from that fight," he admits.

Longinidis, a former computer programmer, is very well managed. He has been packaged as a product — the good-looking, clean-living kickboxer who could be trusted with your daughter at a party and your worst enemy in the ring. Taking the Alexio fight for pocket money was a calculated gamble that paid off. Now, he says, the title he took from that fight will make him the highest paid kickboxer in the world.

Longindis began his martial arts career training in Zen Do Kai, the hybrid karate style popularised by Bob Jones. He spent three and a half years in America, training at the Jet Centre with the legendary Benny "the Jet" Urquidez. It was "very tough at first," he says. "The sport at the time had a low, miserable profile worldwide."

Longinidis had 17 professional bouts in the USA, and was the first Australian to really make a reputation there.

He knew how to market himself. "You can be the best fighter in the world but if

Kickback

you can't put bums on seats, you're not worth nothing," says Longinidis. He built up his digger image by throwing toy koalas into the audience when he won a match.

Argument over his fight with Alexio, which he won in the opening minute by shattering his opponent's shin with a leg-kick "couldn't have been better really" he says. Alexio did not get a chance to show his stuff, so interest in the eventual rematch will be high. The next time they meet, Longinidis will command a six-figure fee and Alexio will be carrying the begging bowl.

The Longinidis-Alexio fight was the first major Australian promotion to be sanctioned by the International Sporting Karate Association. Longinidis came away with the ISKA heavyweight belt, but even though the bout was co-sanctioned by the WKA, he is not the WKA world heavyweight champion. Maurice Smith is.

The WKA simply recognises Loginidis as the ISKA champion. The WKA ranks Longinidis as its own super heavyweight champion. The WKA's top-rated Australian heavyweight is Grant Barker.

Barker fought Longinidis for his super heavyweight title but, by his own account, Longinidis destroyed him with leg kicks.

Barker plays bad boy to Longinidis' Mr Clean. Longinidis seems genuinely upset that Barker made a wanking gesture towards him before their last fight. But Barker says, "I've got a lot of respect for him — in fact, I probably idolise the ground he walks on."

At the end of the Longinidis-Smith bout, he says, "I just stood up and clapped — I was so proud of Stan Longinidis for getting in the ring with Maurice Smith."

Both ISKA and the WKA claim to sanction 95 percent of kickboxing matches in the world, but ISKA have not had a presence in Australia until Dr Peter Lewis was recently appointed as its Australian representative ten months ago.

WKA promotions have dominated kickboxing for the last 17 years, since Bob Jones brought the sport to Australia from the United States. Originally, full-contact karate rules were fought — eight kicks above the waist had to be thrown in every round. As kickboxing has evolved, WKA domination has consolidated. Small sanctioning bodies like IKBA and KICK have surfaced and vanished in Australia.

While many trainers and fighters are happy with the service provided by the WKA, Peter Lewis says that in his opinion, "Kickboxing needs to be cleaned up in this country ... The right thing needs to be done."

Lewis, who has a sports medicine practice, is Stan Longinidis' cuts man and the ring doctor for most Victorian fights, questions the neutrality of the WKA as a sanctioning body.

"The WKA is very closely aligned to Bob Jones. Bob Jones is very closely aligned to the Bob Jones Corporation [BJC]. The Bob Jones Corporation also teaches kickboxing."

Controversy dogs the name of Bob Jones like a nagging injury. He is the man who staged the first kickboxing fights in Australia, at a time when there was certainly no money to be made from them.

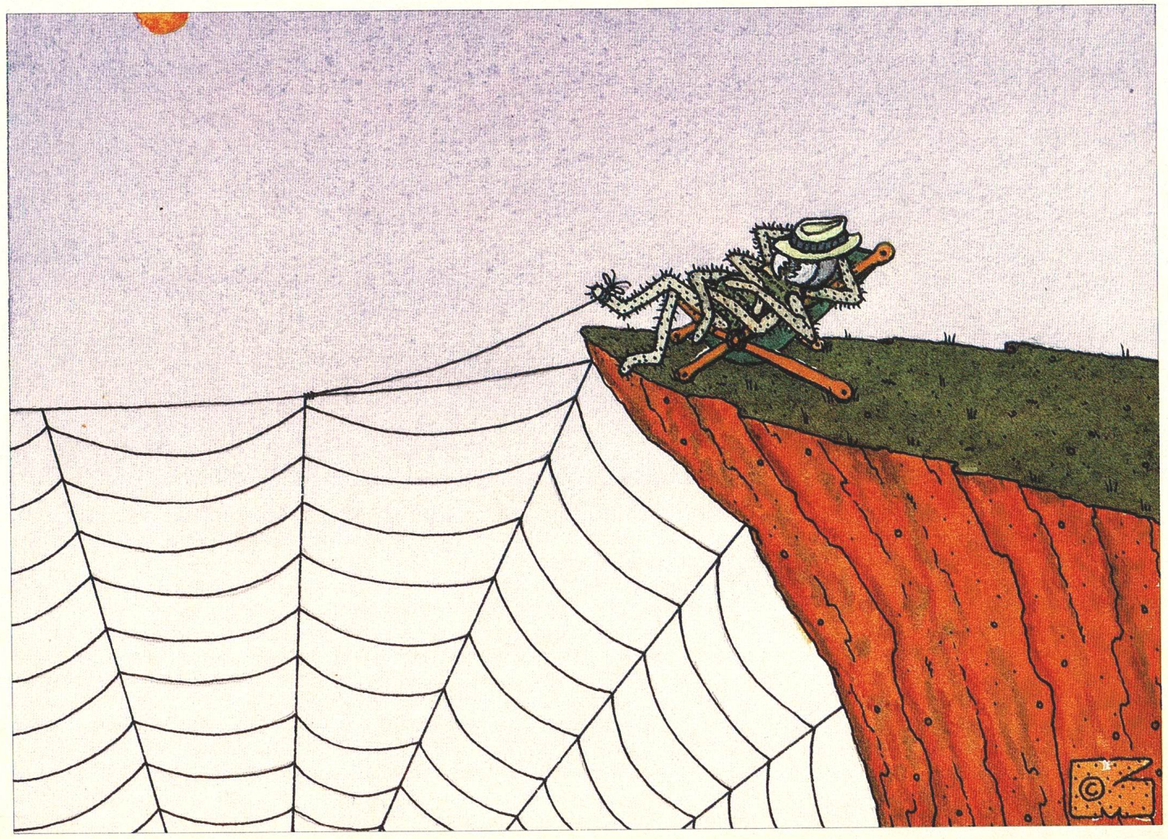
He is the man with the largest martial arts business in Australia — there are over 700 Zen Do Kai clubs in this country and New Zealand, all affiliated to Bob Jones.

He is the man who once advocated his students go out and test their skills in streetfights.

Zen Do Kai is promoted as a street-effective martial art incorporating elements of kickboxing, judo and wrestling. Many top kickboxers, particularly in Victoria, have trained in Zen Do Kai with the BJC at some time in their careers.

"A number of Bob Jones students are champions at the most sought after weights," says Lewis.

"Think about a sanctioning body," he says. "What does it imply? I don't think a sanctioning body be closely linked with promoting and training fighters. In my view, ... It's like Carlton rolling up to the final with the referees, judges and scorekeepers all wearing Carlton shirts."



Bob Jones is a registered director of the WKA Pty Ltd. The WKA's STAR ratings are produced from the building in Thornbury, Victoria that houses the headquarters of the BJC. It is pot luck whether they answer the phone as the WKA or the BJC. Craig Larsen, the WKA's only paid full-time worker in Australia, is a registered director of the BJC. The only other director is Jones himself. The only other director of the WKA is Larsen.

In fact, WKA Pty Ltd was a company called Zen Do Kai (Melbourne Honbu) Pty Ltd until May 1989.

But June Chan, the WKA's NSW representative, says allegations of unrealistic ratings of BJC fighters are "utter rubbish. Bob has no bias to his own fighters. He's an honest, sincere man who firmly believes in the sport and has taken it from absolutely nothing to what it is now."

Larsen, who compiles the WKA ratings, says none of the STAR champions above featherweight are BJC fighters

The evidence seems to bear out Larsen's position.

Part of the problem with the STAR ratings lies in the way they are compiled. Participants in every WKA-sanctioned fight, whether professional or amateur, win points on a league table. Thirty five points are awarded to the winner (with bonus points for stoppages inside the distance), 30 points each are given in the event of a draw, and 25 points go to the loser.

The system "acknowledges all recognised kickboxing sanctioned rules and selects the star champion from systems with the most weapons and most target areas to be the overall champion."

"Any guy with a title under world rules will automatically be bumped to the top of STAR ratings," says Larsen.

Because there are so few fighters and so many rules, World Rules, Australian Rules, International Rules and USA Rules fighters — and champions — are ranked on the same tables.

Victory over another fighter does not automatically put the winner above the loser on the table. Theoretically, a string of ten defeats (250 points) would place a fighter higher than a run of seven wins (245 points).

Internationally, a fighter can kick his way from contender ten to champion in one fight.

Dale Floyd says the STAR system is the way it is partially because, "There's a lot of cases where some fighters won't fight another. One fighter knows that he can't beat the guy, so he just won't fight him."

With STAR, if the better fighter keeps active, he will eventually rise above the man who will not fight.

Peter Lewis says he was concerned about the conflict of interest between the WKA and the BJC, and about inconsistencies in the ratings, so he agreed to represent ISKA in Australia.

He says ISKA is "the largest of the sanctioning bodies in the world." He disputes the WKA's claim to international coverage. "We have a whole swagload of Australian champions in the WKA," says Lewis. "Where is the rest of the world? ... If the rest of the world was fighting WKA, I'd be expecting their [Australian] champions to be travelling to Europe, the USA and South-East Asia, defending their titles."

Dale Floyd, meanwhile, says ISKA have no representation in Japan.

When Lewis released the first batch of ISKA ratings, they looked remarkably similar to the the STAR ratings. From welterweight to heavyweight, all the ISKA number one contenders were WKA champions. Weight divisions differed slightly (Lewis argues WKA weight divisions are manipulated to give a free run to BJC-favoured fighters).

Bob Jones says he is "putting a lawsuit on ISKA for using my ratings." Lewis says, "I have not had any legal contact with him about that."

Fifty percent of the fighters listed by ISKA are under contract to the WKA, says Jones. "It took 17 years to build those ratings up.

"The media thinks we're all mad. Because the sport is starting to grow, out of the woodwork come multiple sanctioning bodies." He has a "constant running argument" with the Government Martial Arts Board. "Why are we in Victoria allowed to have so many sanctioning bodies?" he asks.

In most of the country, the WKA have control. "In Victoria, where I introduced the sport, it's now falling apart because of the controversy over sanctioning," says Jones.

The third Victorian sanctioning body is the Australian Fullcontact Federation, which only fights to the eight-kicks-above-the-waist rules. Lewis says that in the AFF, the fighter, the sanctioning body and the promoter are pretty close. "Sometimes it rather looks like they are one and the same character" — Paul Major.

Paul "the Rock" Major, who advertises as "the undisputed, undefeated Australian Middleweight Kickboxing Champ", is a former professional boxer and Victorian amateur welterweight boxing champion. But "boxing went into decline," he says. "I was sitting for 18 months without a fight." He decided to draw on his martial arts experience and try his foot at kickboxing.

He won the AFF middleweight championship from John Church in 1988, and has held the title ever since. He is also the AFF super middleweight champion.

By all accounts, Major is a very good fighter, but it's hard to see how he can justify his "undisputed" claim when there are several Australian middleweight kickboxing champions. The WKA do not, however, have a current Australian champion in the bodykicking-only class, so Major has some claim to exclusivity there.

Major is a drawcard. His fights bring in 2500-3000 people. "The promoters of the WKA tend to be a little bit tight, pocket-wise," says Major. "We start at $10,000. That's what I've got from my last six fights.

"It doesn't take a genius to point out if I get 3000 people coming though the

Continued on page 108

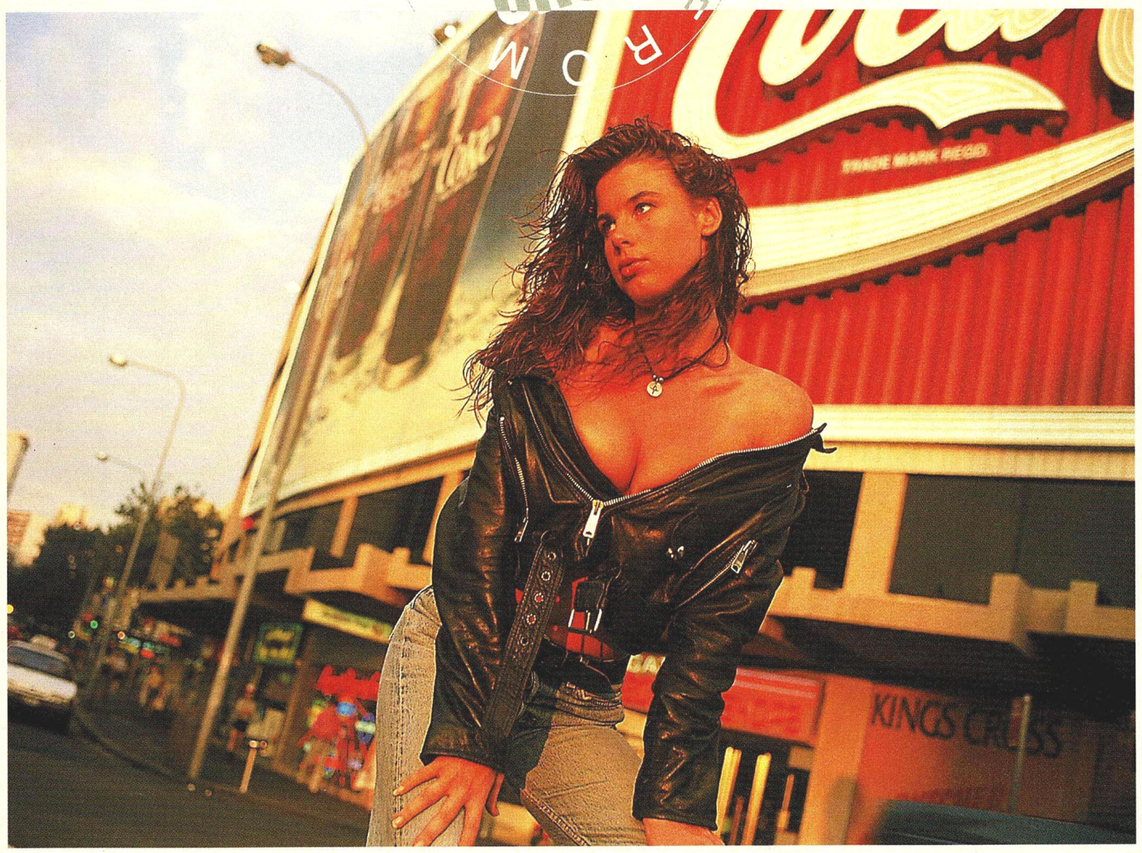
WKA AUSTRALIAN PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONS

SUPER HEAVYWEIGHT — Stan Longinidis (world champion, USA rules) — Dana Goodson
HEAVYWEIGHT — Grant Barker (Commonwealth champion, USA rules) — Mick Spinks
CRUISERWEIGHT — Nick Talakouris (S Pac champion, USA rules) — Dana Goodson
SUPER LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT — VACANT — Ed Baverlock (number one contender) — Dave Hedgcock*
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT — Tasis Petridis (ISKA world title, WKA recognised) — Paul Fyfield
SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHT — Ian Jacobs (comm champion, USA rules) — Wayne Spencer
MIDDLEWEIGHT — Mick Marshall (jnr middleweight world champion, world rules — Dave Hedgcock
Alex Tui (jnr middleweight world champion, USA rules) — Sassakan
SUPER WELTERWEIGHT — Darren Hedgcock (world champion, world rules) — Dave Hedgcock
WELTERWEIGHT — Sakad Petchyndee (world champion, USA rules) — Sassakan
SUPER LIGHTWEIGHTS — Scott Erickson (Aust champion, USA rules) — Self trained
LIGHTWEIGHTS — Damien Meyer (Aust champion, int rules) — Rod Stroud (BJC)**
SUPER FEATHERWEIGHT — Clinton Simmonds (S Pac, USA rules) — **New Zealand**
FEATHERWEIGHT — Ashley Fox (S Pac champ, Aust rules) — Bill Bowman (BJC)

* Dave Hedgcock, while often associated with Bob Jones, is an independent trainer.
** Damien Meyer is not STAR champion in this division, which is headed by an amateur fighter.
Champions taken from STAR ratings published bimonthly in BLITZ magazine.

POSTCARDS FROM

KINGS CROSS



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BAMBI

Hi guys, to no-one's surprise I made it to the Cross, the naughtiest place in Australia. They told me that anything goes here and I decided to put this to the test. They were right.

HAIR, MAKEUP AND STYLING BY BAMBI: BLACK LEATHER JACKET, BLACK SUEDE BOOTS, LEVI'S AND BLACK BIKE BOOTS FROM WHEELS & DOLL BABY 02 361 3286

POSTCARDS FROM

KINGS CROSS

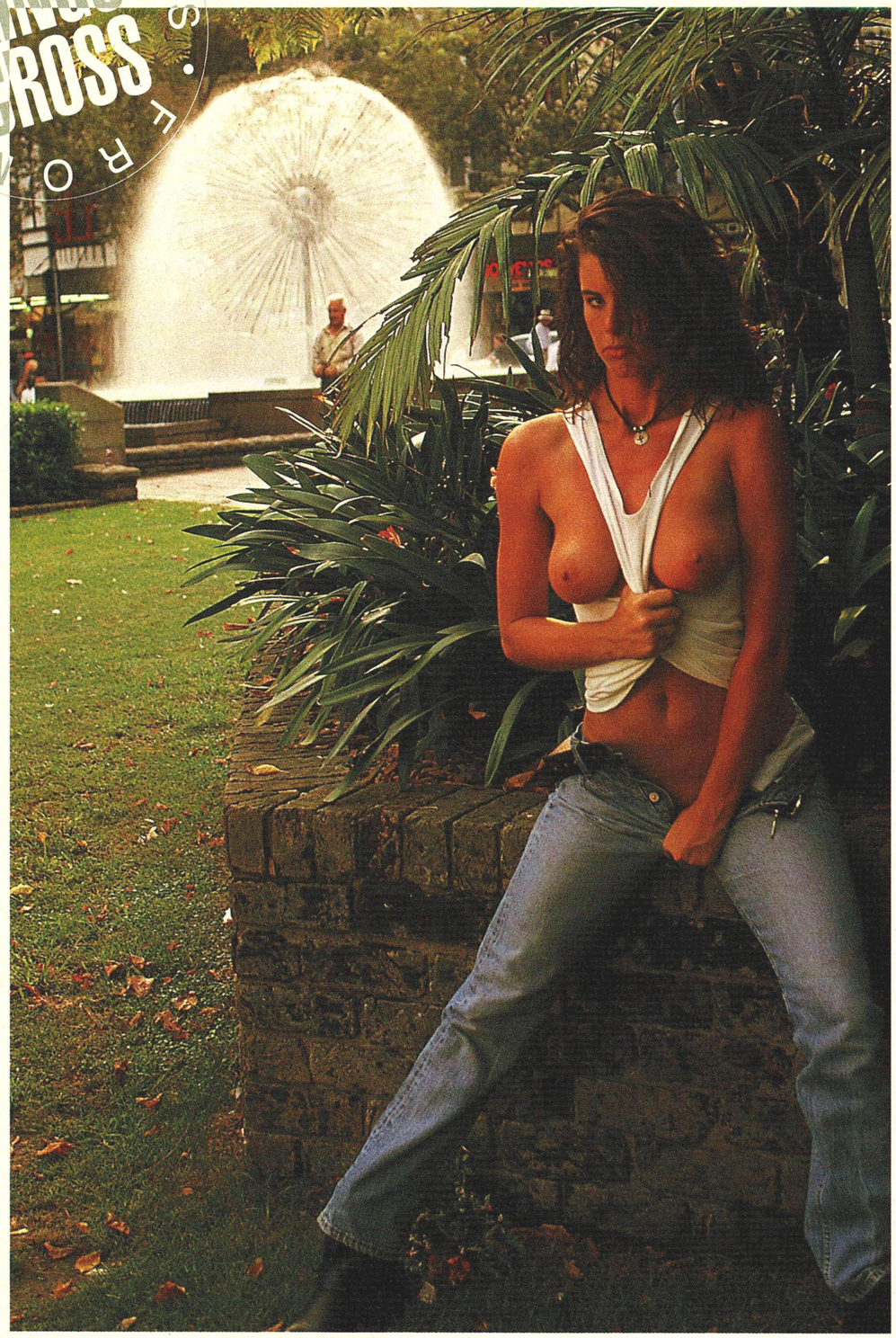
The locals seem so relaxed that I knew that none of them would mind me taking a refreshing dip in the El Alamein fountain. It turned out that no-one minded at all.

POSTCARDS FROM

KINGS CROSS

POSTCARDS FROM

KINGS CROSS



POSTCARDS FROM

KINGS CROSS

I've been causing quite a scene at the nightclubs and I've often found myself wandering home in the early hours of the morning.

Love Pandora

Some Aussie battlers have four legs

working LIKE A DOG

Working dogs are employed in everything from law enforcement and stock work to television ads and racing. They guard military bases, track lost children in the bush and detect bombs; lead the blind, detect smuggled birds and find drugs in the mail.

The working dog is not a modern invention. For centuries, dogs have been used in Europe for hunting and by the Eskimo races of the Arctic circle to pull sleds and aid in hunting.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE BROWN

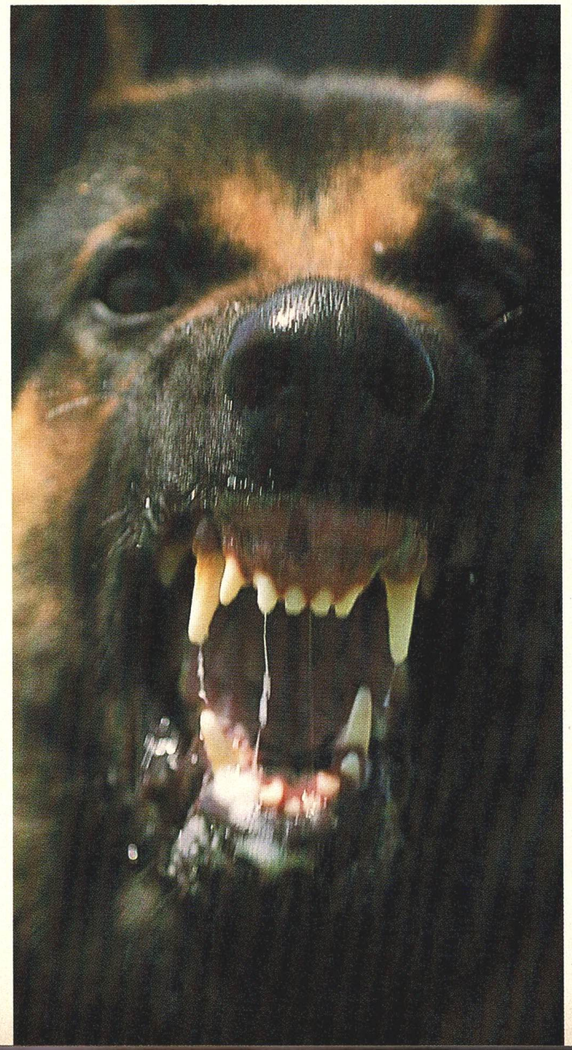
WORDS BY MARK ABERNETHY

part 1

As early as 525 BC the Persians were using dogs in military campaigns; Attila the Hun used them to guard his camps and in 1544 Henry VIII sent 400 dogs to help Charles V of Spain fight the French.

An estimated 100,000 dogs were used in WWI and WWII saw the Russian Red Army train 50,000 dogs for military use. On the other side of the world, the Americans were using large numbers of dogs in the Pacific theatre to advance in front of troops and warn of mines, booby traps and ambushes. Dogs were later used in Vietnam by the Americans for the same purpose. A modern area of conflict, Somalia, saw the Australian Army Combat Engineers' explosive detection dogs as part of the UN Peacekeeping Forces.

This month, *Australian Penthouse* looks at the real lives of Australian working dogs.



THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE

At the RAAF Richmond base outside Sydney, 28 handlers and their dogs guard the 2.5km by 1.3km military base during the hours of darkness.

Richmond's Dog Mustering boss, Flight Sergeant Keith Roe, says air force police dogs are all pure-bred German shepherds. Shepherds are used because they have acute hearing and eyesight and are large, strong, intelligent and aggressive animals.

After the dogs (6 — 24 months old) are trained at Amberley base in Queensland, most of them will spend the rest of their lives on military bases. The animals are trained specifically to detect and/or attack intruders at the command of the handler.

To qualify as RAAF dogs, the animals must be scared of nothing, including gunshots, fire and weapons. A dog that is fired upon will continue to close on the intruder.

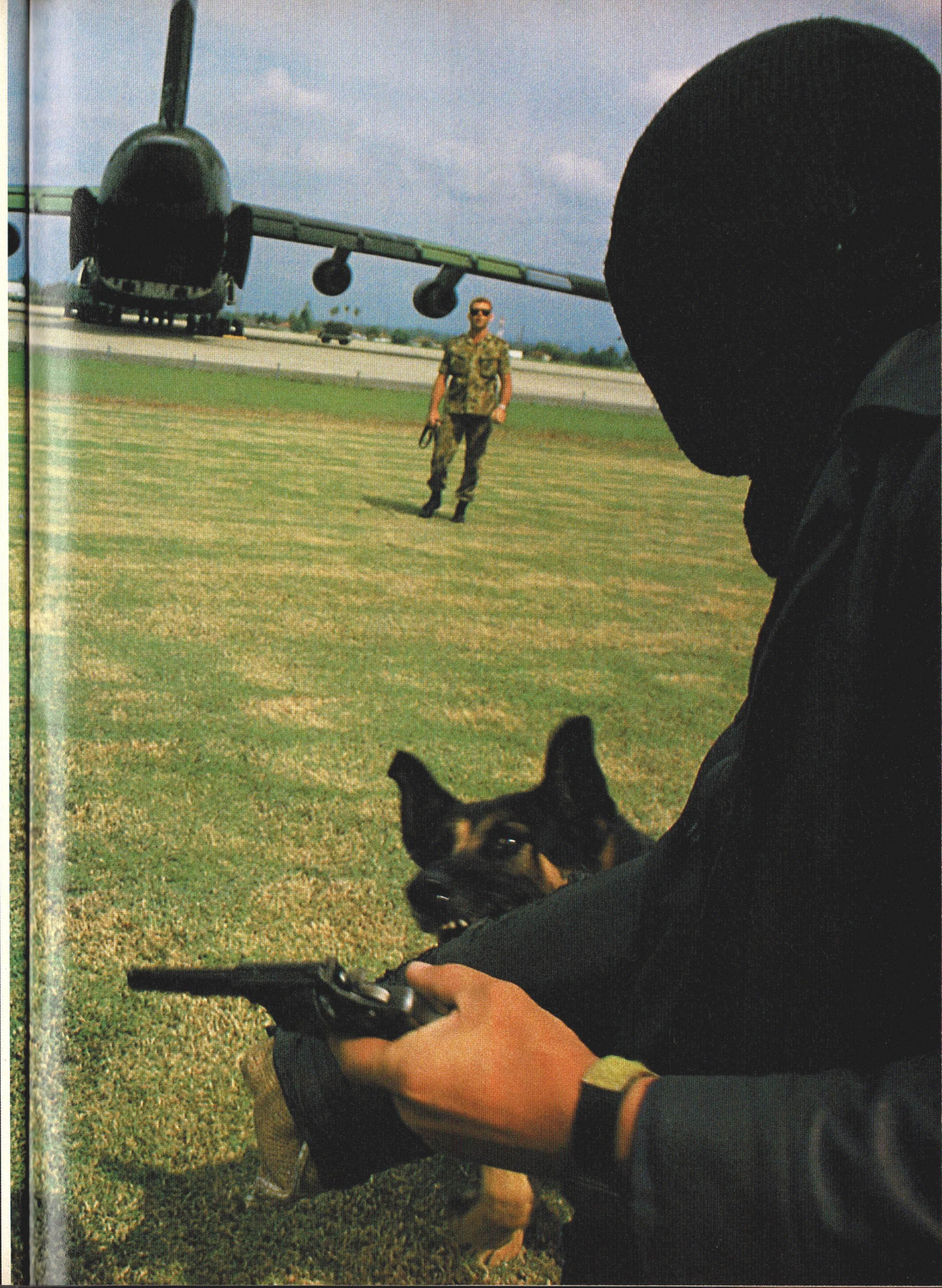
Roe says his best advice to anyone confronted by a police dog on an air base is to stand absolutely still and look at the ground. "You shouldn't eyeball one of these dogs — he'll probably go you."

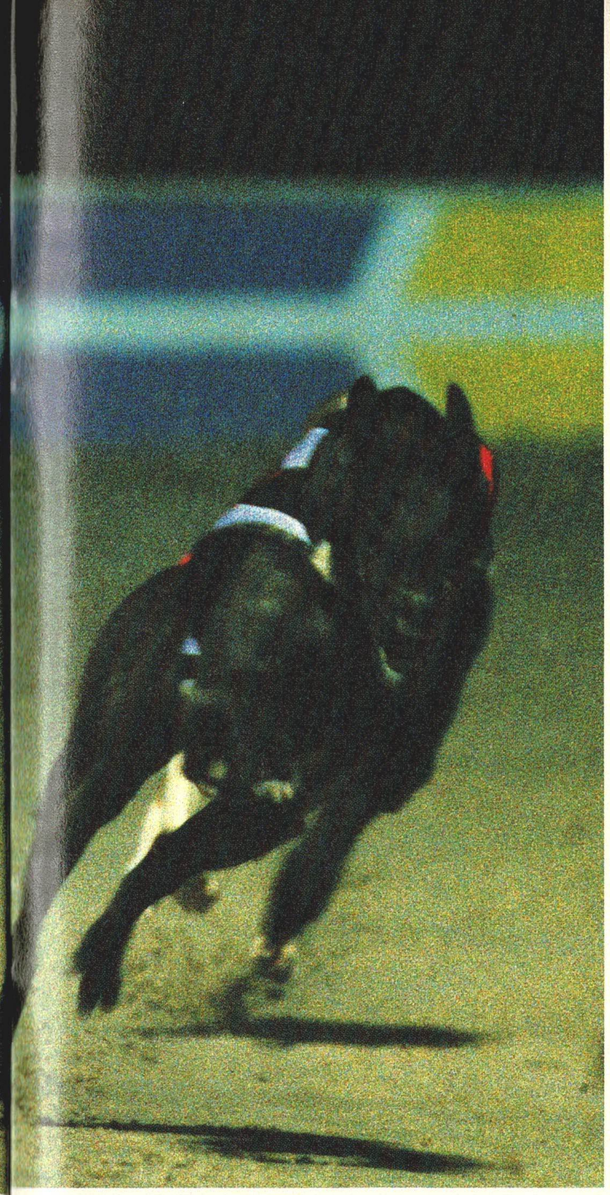
They work five days a week for 10 hours per day and spend the last two hours of any shift doing retraining.

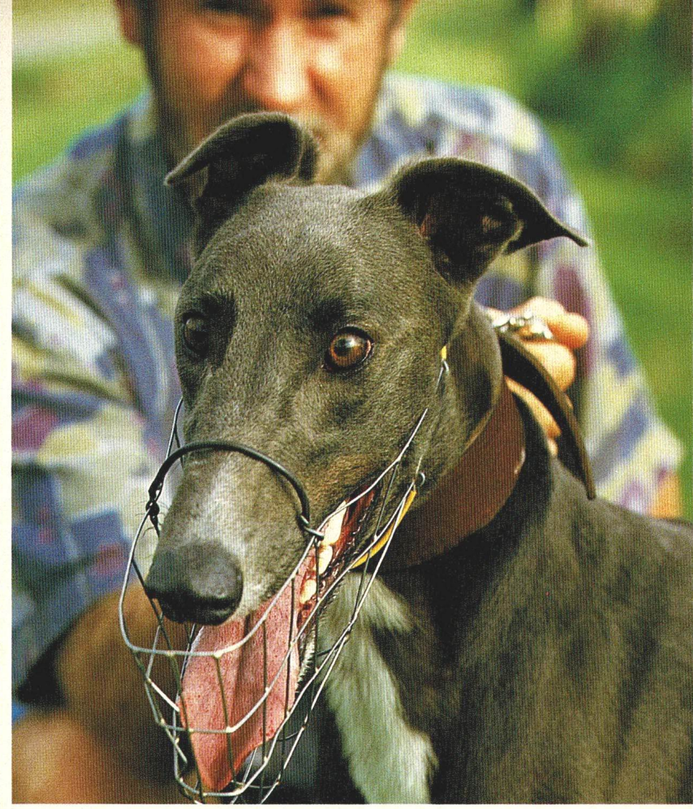
They are so effective that several years after being trained the beasts are valued by the military at a conservative $10,000.

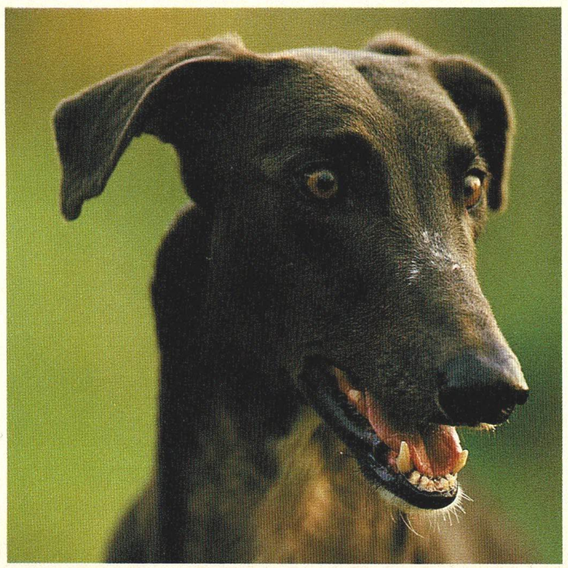
Since 1955, only four "bad guys" have been caught on RAAF bases; none of the peaceniks were hurt and the only damage was a few slaps of paint on a jet fighter.

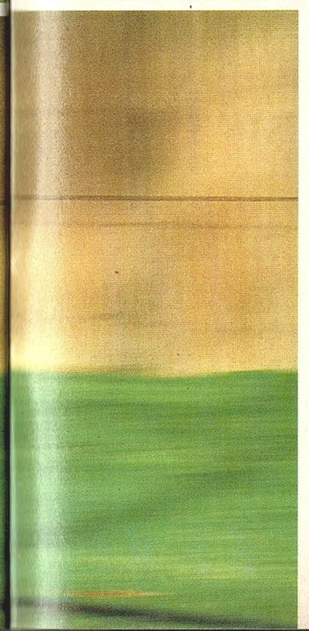
In addition to being effective, the dogs are cheap. Five dogs and their handlers can patrol the same area that would require 80 lone humans to police.











GREYHOUND RACING DOGS

The first organised Australian dog races were staged at Sydney's Harold Park Raceway in 1939. That raceday featured a style of racing known as "open coursing" where two greyhounds are let loose on hares.

There are now 15 different greyhound meets every Saturday in NSW alone where dogs chase mechanical lures around oval tracks.

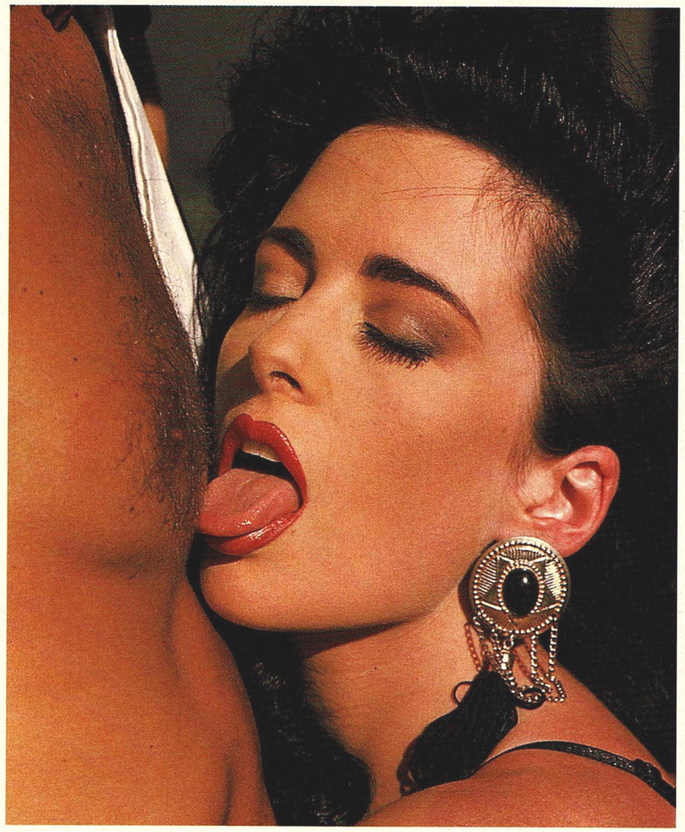
Trainer of champion dog Major Gossip, Donny McMillan, says owners are looking for a dog with a good temperament and good breeding. After that, success depends on the dog's physique and a training regime that for most competitive dogs will involve daily early morning gallops followed by strict diets of fresh beef, milk and glucose. A dog like Major Gossip can race on average two times a week.

A mature animal can run at 60km/h over courses that vary from 274 yard sprints to 720 yard gallops. McMillan says an Afghan hound will outrun a greyhound over 300 yards, and there's nothing quicker than a whippet over 50 yards. But greyhounds have the power to sustain top speed over a course of 700 yards. Some owners say bitches are faster than dogs on grass tracks, and males outrun the females on the sand courses.

There are events on the dog racing calendar such as the $100,000 Golden Easter Egg and the $30,000 Futurity for bitches. With so much money in the offing it's not surprising how valuable the dogs are. A proven winner can attract offers of $50,000 and greyhounds at stud can make as much as a million dollars after being raced.

As with other working dogs, many greyhounds are simply put down when they are retired. McMillan says some dog racing clubs in the United States are giving greyhounds to the public as pets and the trend has caught on. He points out that greyhounds have gentle, social natures and that they only wear muzzles because it is the law.

Having a Ball



PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Suzy and Carl were not looking forward to the annual company cocktail party. The pair had been going to the event for years and the only highlight of the entire evening was seeing each other dressed up to the nines.

They found each other irresistible and the admiring glances soon became much more. They began to fondle one another and soon their passion was soaring.
Suzy was the first to discard her formal wear and Carl soon followed as he probed and stimulated every inch of her naked body.

They lost track of time completely and they made long, slow love throughout the late afternoon. After ecstasy upon ecstasy, they finally realised what time it was — they had missed the ball but their own intimate party had turned out to be one that they would never forget.

Gunning

Continued from page 36

denied by his adversaries at the hearing.

But another year later, Smith was again summoned to court — this time for a civil suit filed by the man he had shot. A four-person jury subsequently found against him and awarded $106,000 in damages.

Smith went bankrupt, lost the family home, an inheritance from his deceased father and his self-confidence. He went from managerial positions to a storeman-packer.

During the trial, the QC stirred up the plaintiff as to a reason for his original assault and he replied that he was offended by the way Smith was driving. His actual words in court were that it made him "mad".

Understandably, Smith is still bitter about the event. "I still believe it was the right thing to do at the time. I used the only means at my disposal of stopping him from using my head as a punching bag. I think the whole thing would have been different if I had have killed him. Even the barrister told me I made one mistake. If I had have shot him dead, I would have been acquitted on the grounds of self-defence and that would have been the end of it."

Bettens doesn't necessarily agree. "If you are charged with a serious criminal assault because of the actions you took, you're more likely to succeed in self-defence if the person is alive, simply because there is more sympathy for you."

The fact that Smith was in possession of a firearm at the time of the assault complicated the situation immensely. Even though the force may have been excessive, it was the only force available to Smith at the time.

In many countries hand-guns are acceptable means of self-defence but alternatives are also available that are not legal in this country.

Mace and chemical sprays can temporarily incapacitate an attacker, allowing enough time to summon help or flee the scene.

American oleoresin capsicum products, for example, are carried by police and civilians alike. Manufactured from garden-variety capsicums and mixed with an aerosol propellant, a stream of the liquid can be sprayed into an attackers face while they are still some distance away. The environmentally friendly substance causes no side-effects but is guaranteed to stop even the most aggressive assailant.

Self-defence classes are another popular option marketed as a life-saver, but require a certain amount of dedication to the training over a lengthy period and regardless, will still depend on the physical strength and dexterity of the individual.

While the latter option is legal in Australia, carrying hand-guns and the use of these mace-type products for personal protection, is prohibited. It's an example of how the law fails average Australians when it comes to defending themselves.

This has not always been the case. Until recently, the authorities in NSW (similar laws apply in other states) recognised the necessity for certain civilians in our community to protect themselves with a pistol.

These people were issued with personal pistol licences. Firearms dealers were one example of deserving recipients of these special "carry" permits, as were jewellers and many other individuals whose life or property could be at risk from violent crime.

The holders of the permits were also the only civilians not required to be an active member of an amateur pistol club in order to own a hand-gun.

As of mid-1992 however, it was decided that the 1722 holders of these "carry" permits did not really need them. Thus began a revocation process that saw the last licence expire without renewal on March 1, 1993.

Tony Gould, in charge of the NSW Firearms Registry, explains the events that led up to the changes in licensing regulations: "Two or three years ago, there was an audit carried out of the pistol licence file and they found that a lot of people had been issued with personal pistol licenses for the purpose of protecting large sums of cash or valuables."

Gould says the investigation showed up people with hand-guns being robbed anyway and often also having their guns stolen which inevitably fell into the hands of criminals.

"Commissioner Lauer then asked each of the patrol commanders responsible for proving the justification for the issue of the licences to look carefully before renewing old or issuing new licences. If the sole reason they wanted one was for the protection of property, then alternative methods of protection should be suggested to them, for example, hiring a security guard or a cash collection service."

Commissioner Lauer's initiatives were taken further in sweeping firearms legislation changes, thought by many to be a knee-jerk reaction to the Strathfield massacre.

The new firearms licensing system included two classes of shooter's licences, but abolished the category of personal pistol licences altogether.

Police publicity following the law changes said: "The protection of yourself, your family or your property is no

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL

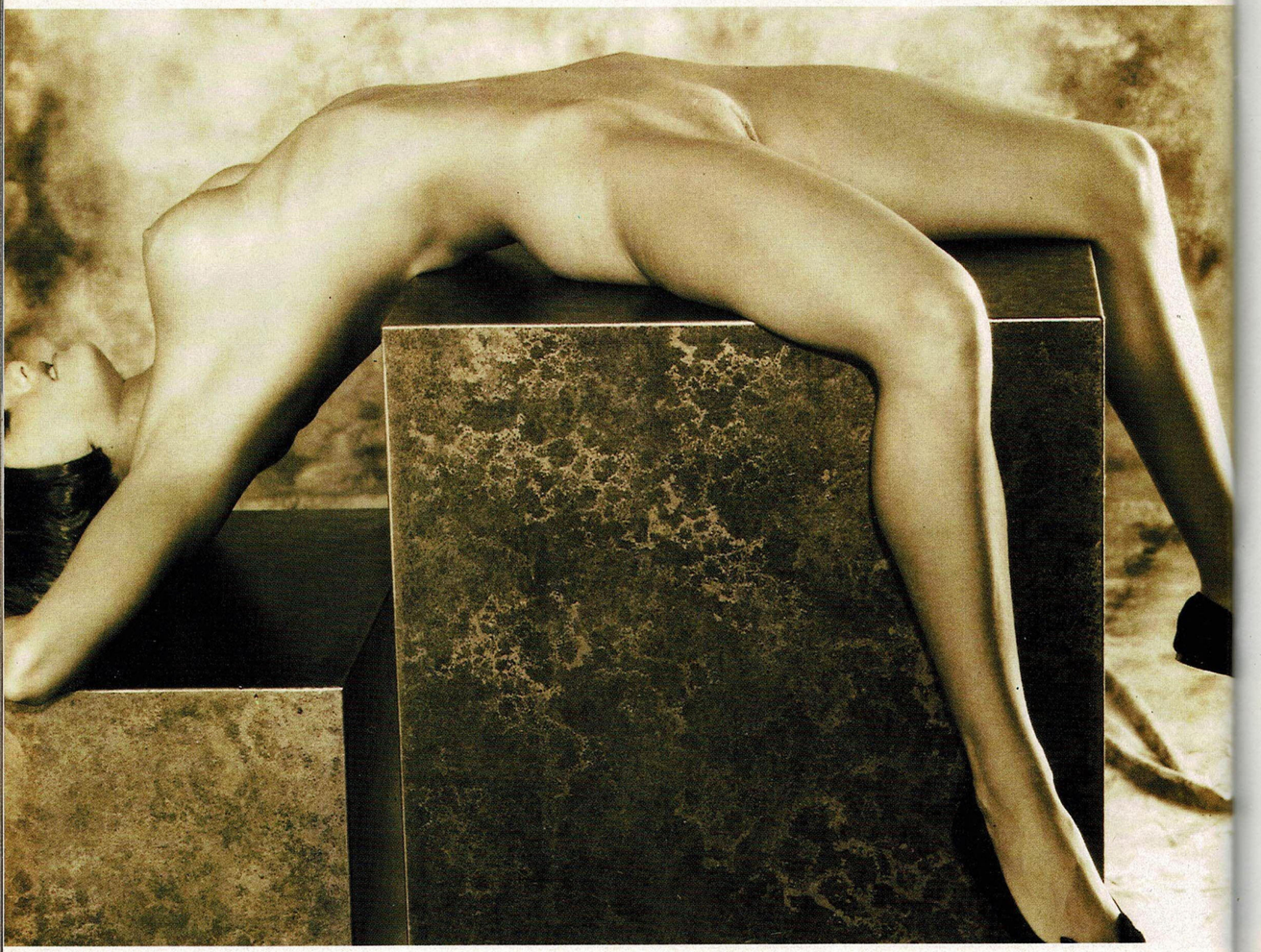
Charlie Jones is a florist who has an interest in the wonders of Nature.

"Every time you think you've got something neatly defined, Nature turns out to confuse you. Nothing is black or white, it's all shades of grey. But it's the shades that make life interesting."

shades of grey

Aside from a keen interest in all forms of flora, Charlie is a real nature girl and can think of nothing better than hitting the bush track with a special man.

“Me, a man, and nothing but the smells, sounds and sensations of the natural world is all that I could wish for.”



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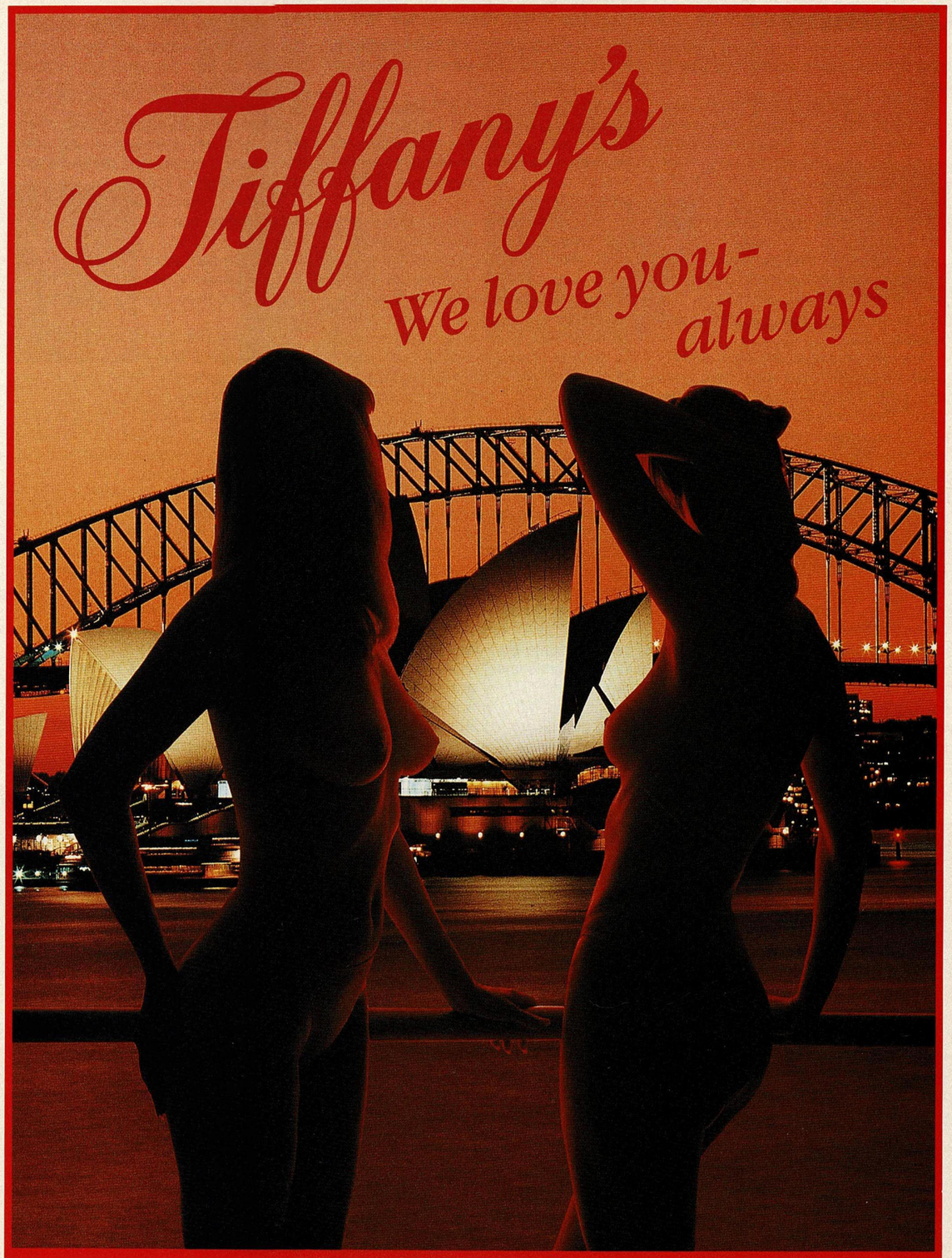

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Gunning

longer a legal reason to own any type of firearm."

Sydney Radio personality John Laws, a man with definite views on gun ownership, was one holder of a personal pistol licence who was effected. He parted with his Smith & Wesson Model 60 Chief's Special .38 Calibre Revolver at a Sydney gun store when his permit expired late in 1992.

Another man effected was Greg Rogers who was issued with a personal pistol licence for self-protection and complained loudly when the licence was revoked.

"The recalling of all the carry permits created a problem because there were many people who felt they were entitled to one. There were threats made against me following evidence I gave in a Royal Commission and I considered that was a good enough reason for wanting to carry a gun.

"The new State gun laws say you have no right to defend yourself in your own home with your own rifle, let alone a hand-gun.

"People in professions that are different to mine — judges and lawyers who had lost cases and were similarly threatened; anyone who dealt with the criminal element and felt exposed; those who handle large amounts of money or jewels; pharmacists — all those people were, with one stroke, denied the right to defend themselves. Many of those people responded in the same way I did and I think it was a result of that response in numbers that brought about a reconsideration."

Under a clause in the NSW Firearms Act, a firearm can be issued for personal protection under a special Commissioner's permit and this clause is now being used in lieu of the old system. What it amounts to is a concession on the part of the NSW Government that the police cannot be everywhere, all the time.

"I've never had to use the gun I carry and I hope I never do. That's another point which I feel is critical to the whole thing — people like me are not in the business of shooting people and we hate the thought of having to face up to that problem. I regard it more as a deterrent to the sort of people I have dealt with. I don't propose to be another statistic found in a garage with broken arms and legs," says Rogers.

But leading Australian criminologist, Paul Wilson, does not believe carrying a gun is a deterrent to crime.

"If somebody is out to get you, the fact that you've got a gun merely makes the criminal more cautious. It doesn't necessarily deter them. The amateurs will be deterred, but if someone is really intent on harming you, having a gun won't stop them."

Wilson also points to other data that could indicate the reasons for the NSW Government's latest changes to firearms legislation. "There are two problems associated with owning a gun for self-defence that are highlighted by studies in the US. Firstly, if someone breaks into your house and you've got a gun and you use it, you are more likely to be seriously injured or wounded than if you don't have a gun. The second point is that if you have a gun and defend yourself with it, you will have monumental legal problems as you may well be using excessive force."

Wilson says there is no statistical evidence, one way or the other, indicating an increase in crime since the revoking of the personal pistol licences.

However, Director of Roden Security, Roger Hodge, has seen business on the rise.

"The silly part about it is that a person can hire someone like us to do the protecting but they can't protect themselves."

Because the law doesn't permit a civilian to use a firearm for protection of person or property, they have to hire someone who has got a gun to do it.

"We've had a slight increase in clientele since the changes and I know of at least one previous personal pistol licence holder using our services. He was threatened by one of his employees with a .22 calibre rifle but he still can't get a licence for a firearm to defend himself."

Security companies are issued with business firearms permits but even then they must have a client base that justifies it. Escorting large amounts of cash or jewellery on a regular basis is a typical reason.

Hodge also says that in the history of the personal pistol licence, none of its holders ever used their handguns for unlawful purposes and that they were cherished possessions.

"You can take guns off everybody and the nuts will still find a way to kill. The first person Wade Frankum murdered, he stabbed with a knife."

With enough people complaining of not being allowed to defend themselves, Tony Lauer reviewed the issue of personal pistol licences through a section of the firearms legislation that allows a special Commissioner's permit. The Commissioner's permit allows people in special circumstances, and under very strict guidelines, to carry a pistol for business reasons.

However, the new legislation still forbids the keeping of a pistol for personal protection unless it's to protect someone who has undergone a police service threat assessment or if it's for the security of people like visiting presidents or the Royal Family.

Following the activation of the legislation relating to the Commissioner's permits, between 150 and 200 licences have been issued under this section. Justification is reviewed annually, but at least it is now recognised that certain members of the community need a firearm for reasons of personal protection.

The question is, what about the rest of us?

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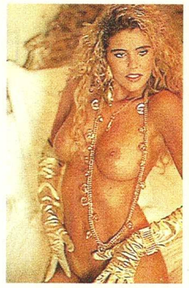

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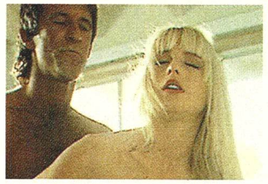

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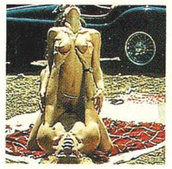

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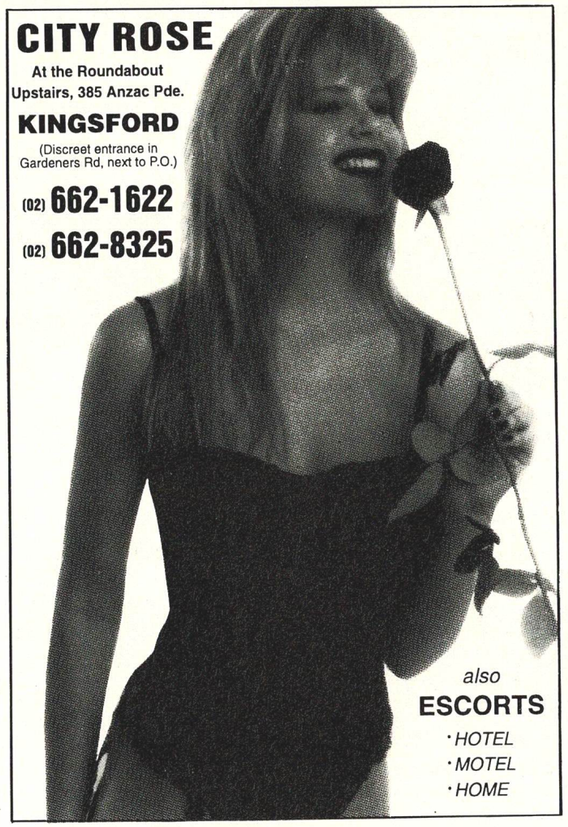

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Rogerson

Continued from page 49

was held that in 1967, just 26, Rogerson was hand-picked by the Chief of the CIB to be his sole partner.

But a big part of his job was rubbing shoulders with "top shelf" criminals. Such exposure to top criminal cliques at a young and, arguably, impressionable age would come to have a massive impact on his future.

Before too long, he would get to know luminaries like Leonard "Arthur" McPherson and bonds of this kind gave him incredible muscle. The golden-haired boy seemed to follow success like a drover's dog — always being close to the rough stuff.

He only served in the toughest of outfits: the Special Crime and Armed Hold-Up squads. But rather than being jealous of his growing climb to fame and prominence, his police colleagues warmed to his deeds.

Rogerson was a born leader, revelling in the camaraderie, the *esprit de corps* of being a detective. He had an uncanny ability to unify the troops. There were barbeques with police and families, gruelling inquiries and training camps where Rogerson was frequently the star attraction, stirring comrades into rousing singalongs — cementing the already strong bond that prevailed between police and their partners.

His reputation was synonymous with excellence.

But it was the depth of his criminal contacts — especially with hitman Christopher Dale Flannery — and the breadth of his brushes with the underworld that made him an almost invincible commodity.

In fact, by the end of the 1970s, with many tipping Rogerson as a future Assistant Commissioner, he ruled Sydney town with an all-pervading image of perfection, with a spectre of fear.

Many now considered him untouchable.

In June 1978, Rogerson arrested Tim Anderson — recently acquitted of charges relating to the Hilton Hotel bombing — and fellow Ananda Marga sect members Ross Dunn and Paul Allister on suspicion of murder.

Years later, Anderson would say of the encounter: "I had never heard of him (Rogerson) until that time.

"Why, when it was the Special Branch who had been investigating our case, was Rogerson brought in? He knew nothing about us. The only answer is that he was well known as an interrogator, an expert in getting a confession.

"That confession, which I never made and was 100-percent fabricated, was central to the evidence against us. I believe we were convicted because of those verbals."

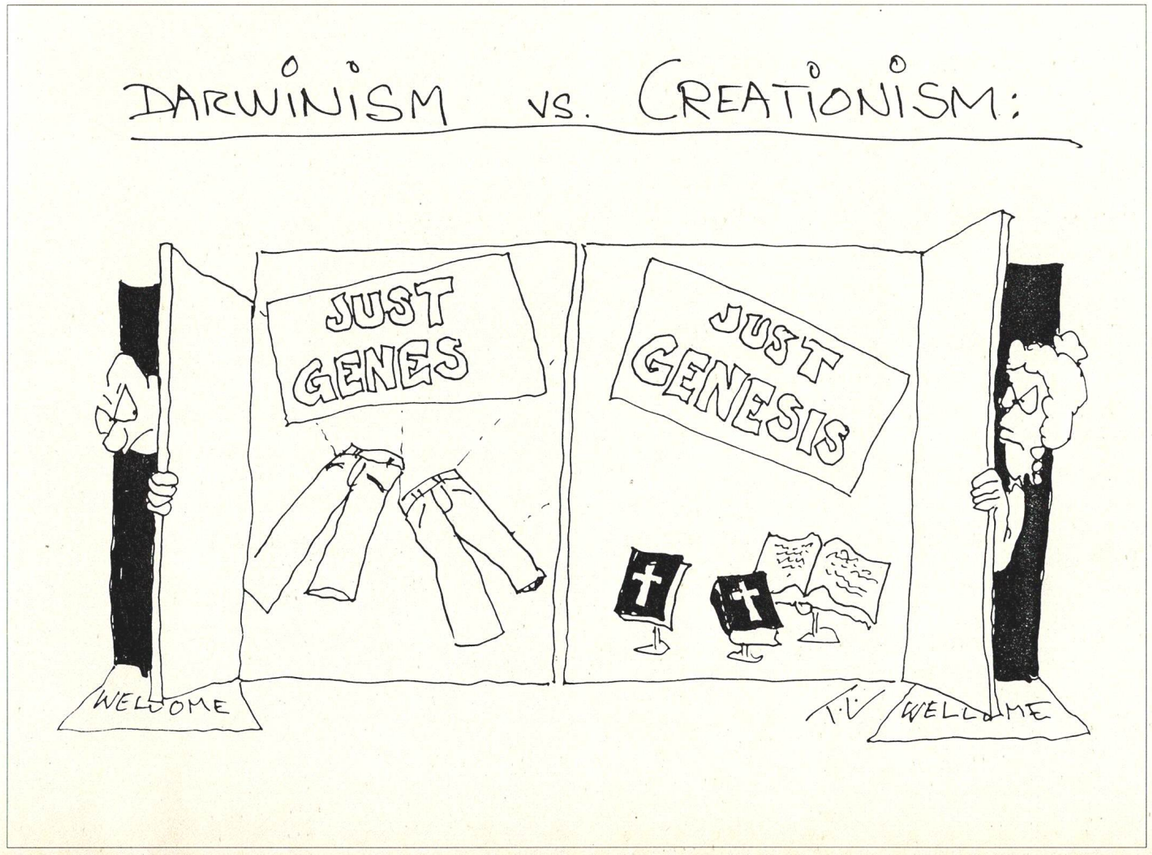
Curiously though, it was to be these same criminal contacts, those who had brought him fame, clout, reputation and an apparently unquenchable appetite for action, that would bring Rogerson undone. Specifically, the start of the demise can be traced to an encounter on June 27, 1981 with a heroin dealer in a nondescript laneway in Chippendale; a heroin dealer called Warren Lanfranchi.

It was Lanfranchi's shooting — and the judicial focus that remained on the case for years — that, for the first time, saw Rogerson's uglier side catapulted into the public domain.

The evidence now shows that Lanfranchi, the common-law husband of prostitute Sallie-Anne Huckstepp, went to meet Rogerson at Dangar Place either to surrender or to offer a bribe to avoid an arrest, depending on who you believe. Regardless, it was Neddy Smith, Rogerson's phiz-gig since 1976, who acted as a conduit; arranging for the meeting.

At 2.55pm, Lanfranchi slumped to the ground dead — the victim of two bullet wounds.

Rogerson told the coronial inquest that he fired his service revolver in swift succession in self-defence. Two girls who lived nearby testified the space



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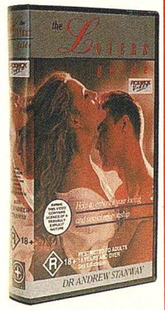

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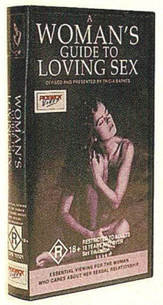

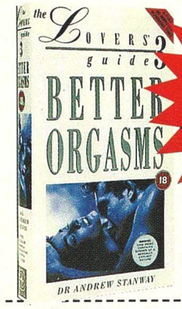

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Rogerson

between shots was more like 12 seconds. A jury present at the inquest declined to accept Rogerson's version that he had acted in self-defence — saying only that he had killed Lanfranchi whilst endeavouring to affect an arrest.

Remarkably though, despite the growing public disquiet and claims that Roger and Neddy had shared a few drinks on the night before Neddy's testimony at the coronial inquest, Rogerson was commended by police for his bravery in relation to the Lanfranchi killing.

But by this time, Rogerson was getting hot. The top brass opted for a diplomatic transfer.

"The Deputy Commissioner thought I needed a rest, something about getting out of the limelight," Rogerson said jokingly at the time of his shift to divisional detective duties. "I was disappointed and I think the blokes on the squad were sorry to see me leave but I'm still a detective and I've still got a job to do at Darlinghurst and there's no point carrying on about it."

Rogerson's entanglement with Lanfranchi, whom he later called a "shithead", really marked the beginning of the end.

But the real turning point came in 1984 with the appointment to the top job of John Keith Avery. The new Commissioner, a "sacred icon" to many, promised no continuance of the status quo; his future for policing resembled nothing short of total revolution and cops like Rogerson were ripe for sacrifice. All of a sudden, the power base had shifted.

But while Avery's reformist zeal had an undeniable influence on Rogerson's career, it was the shooting of undercover drugs cop Mick Drury and the subsequent six-year hunt for his would-be assassin that accelerated Rogerson's inglorious demise.

Drury, a still-serving officer, claimed from his hospital bed — waking from a 12-day coma after being shot while in the kitchen of his family home with two hollow-point bullets — that Rogerson had offered him a bribe on behalf of a heroin trafficker to change his evidence in a forthcoming drug trial.

It was a startling pronouncement; an assertion that would lead to Rogerson's being charged in 1985 with attempt to bribe — an offence on which he would be acquitted.

The jury took more than 14 hours to reach their verdict and, as everyone had to be sent away for the night, Rogerson got his first taste of prison life — the judge being forced to revoke his bail conditions while the jury continued to deliberate. In his address to the jury, the judge made his views on the case patently clear.

"Quite clearly, in this case," the judge said, "one of these two detectives was deliberately lying on oath..."

Drury's shooting, blasted in front of his two baby daughters, marked a new low in Australian criminal annals but, despite the stark horror of the crime, it was Drury who was to have his reputation smeared and his life thrown into chaos. All because he had had the temerity to accuse one of his own.

For his part, Drury and his family suffered an unrelenting nightmare of intimidation and threats while he struggled to recover from his shocking wounds. (The two .357 calibre bullets, which travel at about 400 metres per second, exploding on impact, had decimated Drury's insides; spraying holes in his bowel and pancreas — causing him to lose an immense amount of blood.) Among other things, his house was defaced by persons unknown with the initials of a criminal, and his verandah sprayed with animal blood.

Accusing a cop like Rogerson came with a hefty price.

Such was the strength of Rogerson's police support that, in the middle of the bribery trial, his detective mates passed around the hat to aid his apparently tattered finances; all of his comrades eager to help. But, just weeks later, bank security photos recorded Rogerson and a friend withdrawing $110,000 from accounts held in false names, a fact that would, when revealed, destroy what remained of his failing credibility.

Just days after his acquittal, Rogerson was transferred to uniform duties. Apart from getting his measurements, this was about the last police deed for him to perform. His career lay in ruins.

In the years following the Drury bribery trial, Rogerson and a host of his police colleagues were paraded before the Police Tribunal on various breaches of police disciplinary regulations. Rogerson was to be found guilty of six of nine departmental charges; many of them relating to the nature of his association with Neddy Smith.

Just days after being publicly nominated as Rogerson's informant, Neddy was run to the ground by a speeding car — fracturing a leg and seriously damaging six of his ribs.

He never identified his attacker.

For Rogerson, however, his days in private enterprise were about to begin and he turned to sheet metal work.

But he was not yet out of hot water, far from it. There were other targets in the sights of the police white knights. And foremost among his mates in jeopardy was Detective Bill Duff.

At Duff's tribunal discipline hearing, a Detective John McNamara told of a number of chats he'd had with Duff on the perilous subject of heroin trade in Papua New Guinea.

In unchallenged testimony, McNamara said one of his chats with Duff went as follows.

Duff: "Roger and I have worked it all out. If we don't do it, some other cunt will."

McNamara: "When are you going to do it?"

Duff: "The first flight is going to be on Tuesday week but he is only going to bring down one kilo and if there is any

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Rogerson

problem he is just going to throw it over the side. It will be just a training exercise to see if everything is sweet. The next one after that will be eight and the third will be forty. After that, they can jam this job up their arses and I can sit back and retire."

After such testimony, Duff and Rogerson were shown the door; but, remarkably, barely a whisper on this case has surfaced in the intervening years.

Still, the police investigations would not stop. Acting on fresh information, the Omega Task Force was formed in 1987 to re-investigate every aspect of the Drury shooting — signalling a comprehensive re-examination of the role played by Rogerson and his contacts.

Many felt Rogerson still had many questions to answer over his involvement in the Drury saga.

The focus of Omega was twofold: solving Drury's shooting and investigating the source of the money in Rogerson's false bank accounts.

But as they patiently followed the money trail, Northern Territory Police gave them their greatest lead. Alan David Williams — who had previously admitted to trying to bribe Drury — was re-arrested and charged with conspiring to murder Drury. Faced with this prospect, Williams turned Crown informer, telling police he had paid Rogerson and Flannery $50,000 to do away with Drury.

Now Rogerson was being accused of the most heinous of crimes; plotting to kill a fellow copper.

In quick time, Omega also charged Rogerson with conspiring to pervert the course of justice for allegedly trying to conceal the source of the bank funds. One of the Crown witnesses, Miss Jones, would later say in court that she'd met Rogerson at Sydney airport in 1985; trading a bag full of money for a bag full of heroin.

In the years that followed, despite Willliams' damaging testimonial, Rogerson would be acquitted by a jury on the charge that he plotted to murder Drury.

However, a subsequent newspaper expose prompted the government to establish a review into the Drury case; one that found that Drury had been treated as a suspect by the chief investigator of his own shooting.

However, with his other charge, Rogerson was found guilty by a jury. The judge, upon sentencing Rogerson to an eight-year jail term, said the former cop had committed a "grave offence" and claimed his links with "heavy criminals" pointed to an "evil and sinister state of affairs."

"The clear inference," the judge went on, "is that you were engaged in major drug transactions. The jury concluded, in my view correctly, that you were prepared to use your power and influence to corrupt junior officers. Criminal activity of this kind gravely undermines confidence of the public in the police force of this State and the morale of its members."

Rogerson was secreted in the prison hospital at Long Bay Jail for his own protection. Whilst there, he became friendly with the Granny Killer, John Wayne Glover. Rogerson's enthusiasm for fighting for freedom did not abate. Less than a year later, he would win an appeal and be released from jail.

But again, the prosecutorial authorities refused to bow, counter-appealing this decision to the High Court. The Crown won on a majority decision and, in the end, Rogerson was again returned to prison.

He is due for release sometime in 1995 with his career in tatters.

But perhaps the final straw came with his conviction for fare evasion in April 1993; the charge being laid while he was on bail pending the resolution of certain court appeals. Rogerson had failed to pay the proper amount for a rail ticket to the city. His solicitor, Val Bellamy — himself accused of criminal behaviour at ICAC which behaviour Bellamy has denied — said after the rail case that Rogerson was mounting a High Court challenge to test the validity of his imprisonment.

But it really seems a forlorn hope now.

Wherever the truth in the extraordinary Rogerson saga lies — and it is extremely hard to determine — it is difficult to feel sorry for Rogerson.

His self-promotion, his charismatic high-profile and smugness have all served to perpetuate the mythology; to strengthen the mould of a somewhat twisted, damaged cult of personality. But, more than this, his embittered persona has done nothing to promote a beleaguered reputation.

Indeed, Rogerson himself seems to be growing more conscious of the price of his own infamy.

At ICAC, he said he'd been accused of "doing everything including the murder of Jesus Christ" — a tacit acknowledgment that his protestations of being a persecuted cop are believed by an ever-diminishing group.

Rogerson chose his most refreshing words for an interview marked to coincide with the 10th anniversary of the Lanfranchi shooting.

It caught Rogerson in a reflective mood, pondering the make-up of the cast for an international film on his life and times, a project he'd reportedly signed for close to $600,000.

"With Mel Gibson playing me," he said egotistically. "Charles Bronson's too old and Paul Hogan's too ugly."

He went on to say: "I have very fond memories of the good things we (the police) did. And I've got some memories of good things we did ... mischief we got up to. I learned my game from senior policemen that I looked to for guidance. Some of them had faults, so I took the good points from a number of them. Then I put my little act together.

"I thought I was excellent at my job ... I used to win a few points."

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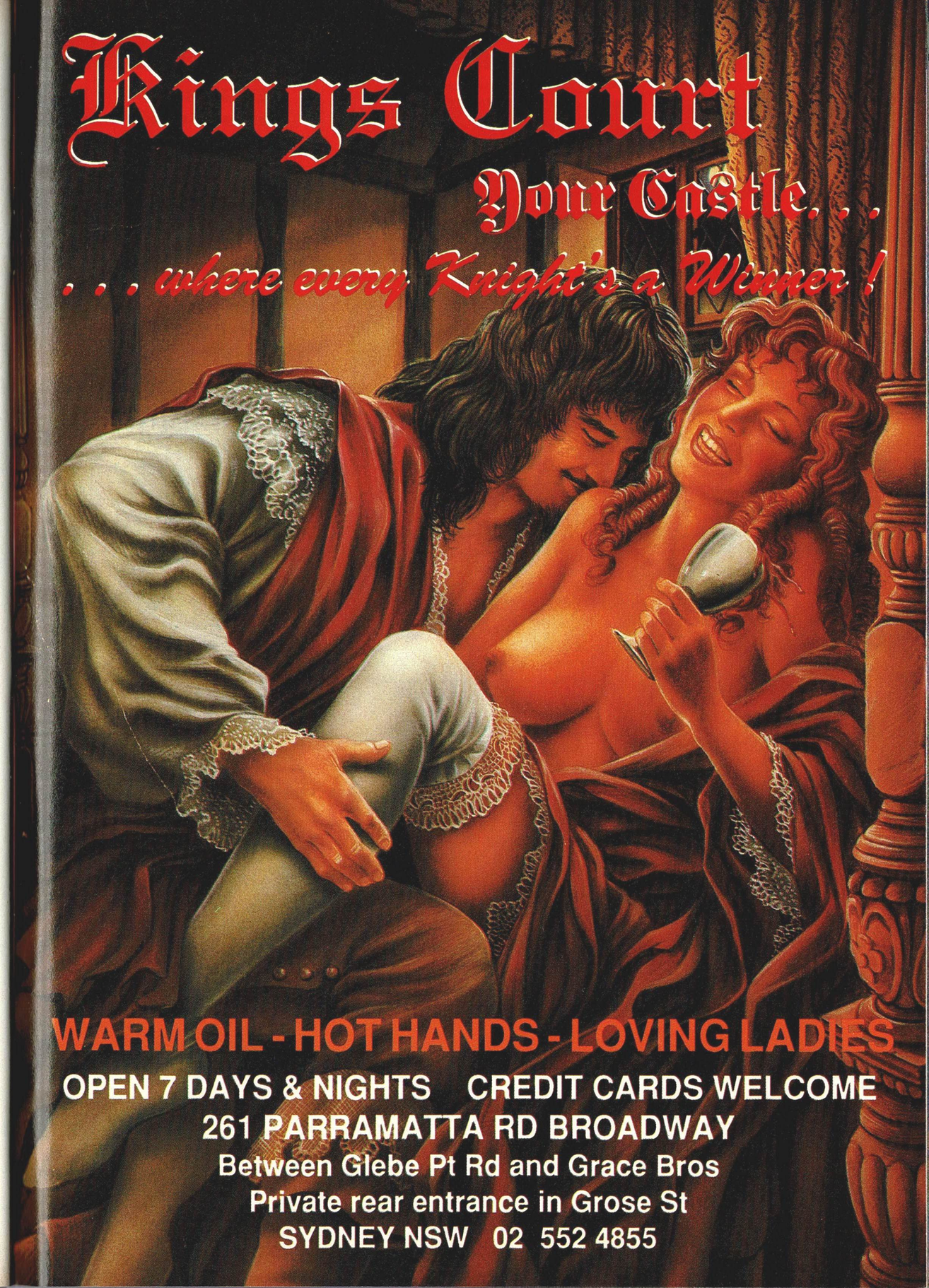

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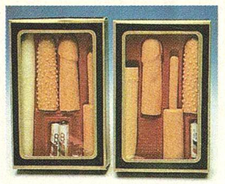

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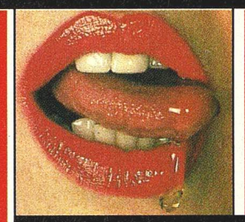

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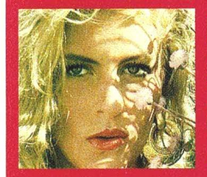

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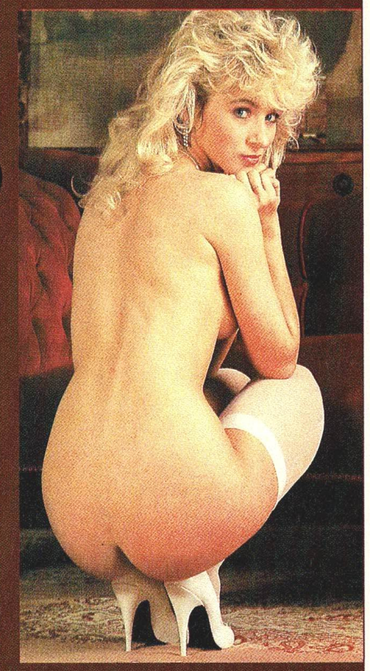

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Kickback

Continued from page 71

door at $20 per head, then that's only a small part of their takings.

"It's all right for [promoters] to make money out of my name," he says, but why should he pay in blood what they won't pay in money?

Major fights perhaps twice a year. His opponents are not of the calibre of WKA STAR champions. "I'd like to fight on a more regular basis, but what's the point?" And what is the point?

Unless a fighter can command the kind of purses Major does, few kickboxers will make much of a living from tournaments. The real cash in martial arts is in training and merchandising.

Around a quarter of a million Australians practice some form of martial art. Most of these fighting systems can find their eventual expression in kickboxing. This gives an enormous potential audience for kickboxing contests, and a huge market for goods and services.

Most of those 250,000 martial artists pay a $40-$50 training fee monthly, plus a similar joining fee when they come into the club. Around ten percent of this fee goes to the people who run the organisation to which the club belongs.

In addition there are grading fees, membership renewals, uniforms, hats, badges, mitts, shinpads, key rings, neck chains and all manner of memorabilia sold through the clubs to their members.

Glenn Coxon of Sumbody Promotions, one of the most consistently successful kickboxing promoters, says: "People will drag out weight divisions. The sanctioning body will make weight divisions up to fit in the category somebody wants to promote. That would then help promote you [the trainer], because you're then the trainer of a world champion."

And everybody wants to train with a champion. Stan Longinidis says, "I've been approached by many investors to open up schools and gymnasiums under my name."

There are other ways to the big bankroll. Grant Barker says, "the real money's in Japan, but you've got to be the best" to go out there and command it. The Japanese won't take a fighter without a world title seriously.

Longinidis, who has had three fights for three knockouts in Japan, says, "As far as I'm concerned, you can make your money anywhere."

Kickboxing should not be like a kids' birthday party, where every fighter gets a title as a present just for turning up.

Dale Floyd justifies different systems of rules — and therefore different champions — on the grounds that competitors from different martial arts have different preferences.

"Tae kwan do people mostly like to do the full-contact karate, with the kicks above the waist. Kyokushin karate people like to be able to kick, knee or whatever," he says.

But if a rower plays rugby, he does not bring his oars onto the field. If a player switches from union to league, he can't go into a line-out when the other men scrum down.

Kickboxers must decide what kickboxing really is. Maybe there is one sport that is full contact karate, one that is kickboxing and one that is Muay Thai.

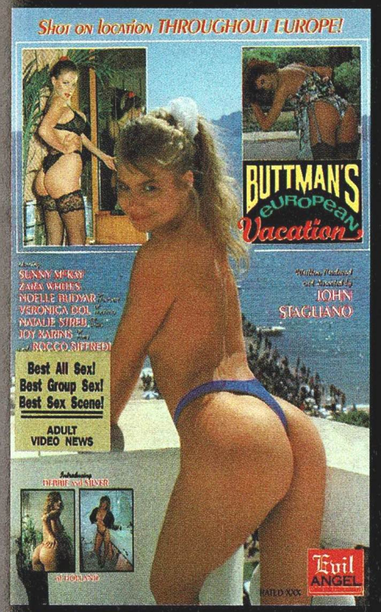
Longinidis says "if you don't fight with leg kicks, you're not fighting kickboxing." You are fighting full contact — it's a tough and watchable sport in its own right, but it's not the sport the Japanese fight, and it's a far cry from what the Thais do.

It seems that the only feasible rules for the sport called "kickboxing" in Australia at the moment are USA rules (no knees, no elbows, no minimum number of kicks), if only because these are allowed in every state.

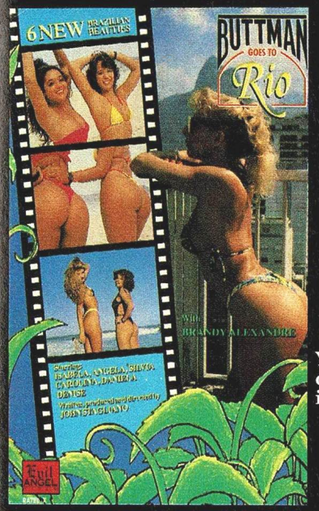
Kickboxing is the sport of the future. It's getting faster and more spectacular, with more fighters "working hard to become athletes," as Grant Barker says.

Australians are good at kickboxing. Some Australians, like Longidinis and Sydney-based Tui, are as good as anybody in the world. Their titles and earnings should reflect their abilities.

"I'm not so sure I can do this."



PH4A BUTTMAN'S EUROPEAN VACATION Derriers with Savoir Faire! Stagliano visits the raunchy continent and captures some of his very best memories and footage. Shot in the streets and beaches of Amsterdam, Cannes, Paris and Rotterdam with local girls and some other U.S. visitors - Zara Whites, Sunny McKay and Veronica Doll and featuring the Italian stud - Rocco Siffredi. A ravenously erotic and top-notch feature. $49



PH4C BUTTMAN GOES TO RIO With trusty camcorder in one hand and trusty something else in the other, fanatical female fanny fancier Buttman (Stagliano) decides to fly to Rio for the summer. His exploits on the Brazilian shores and at Rio's famous Carnivale are the basis for this horny film featuring local beauties who were willing to indulge more than the sense of sight - also the sense of sound, mind and manhood. $49

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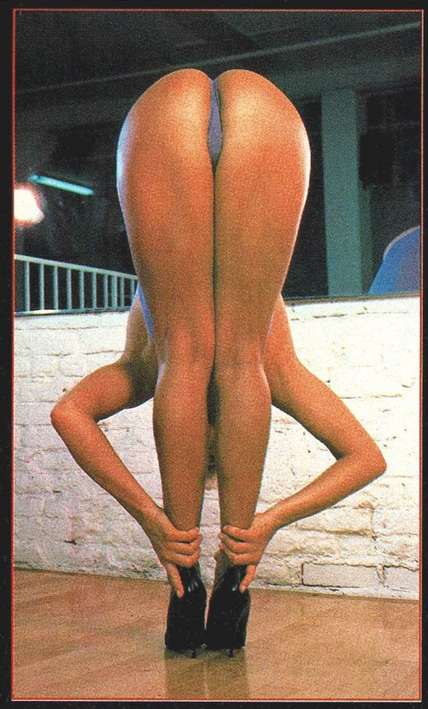
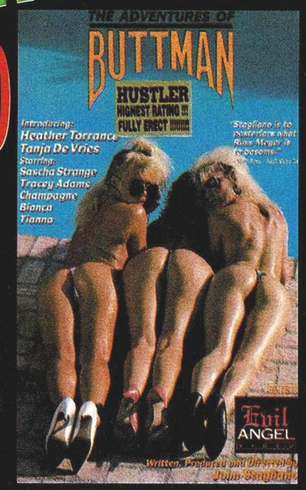
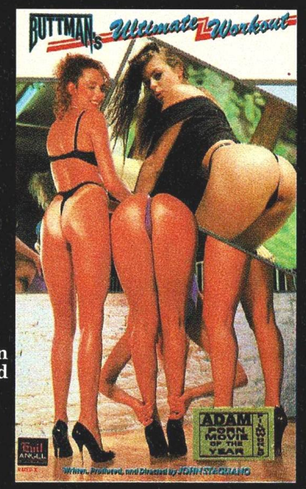




PH4B THE ADVENTURES OF BUTTMAN This is the Assman's voyeurs ultimate fantasy trip..and definately the hottest film ever done by Stagliano...he is obsessed with butts and uses his roving Betacam to capture footage better than any before him..! Starring Tanya de Vries, Heather Torrance, Tracey Adams, Champagne, Bionca and many, many more! "All these beautiful and cheeky butts are thoroughly caressed by my camera. There's some butts, even more ass licking, and lots and lots of ass worship." 120 min $49



PH4D BUTTMAN'S ULTIMATE WORKOUT Stagliano plays a video cameraman-for- hire who can't resist getting down on the floor and shooting up at gorgeous bottoms.Starring gorgeous Dutch newcomer - Zara - with Darla Derriere, Madison, Patricia Kennedy, Talia James, Sunny McKay and many more. Stagliano says :" this is the best butt action, ass licking, and ass worship I've ever shot!" $49

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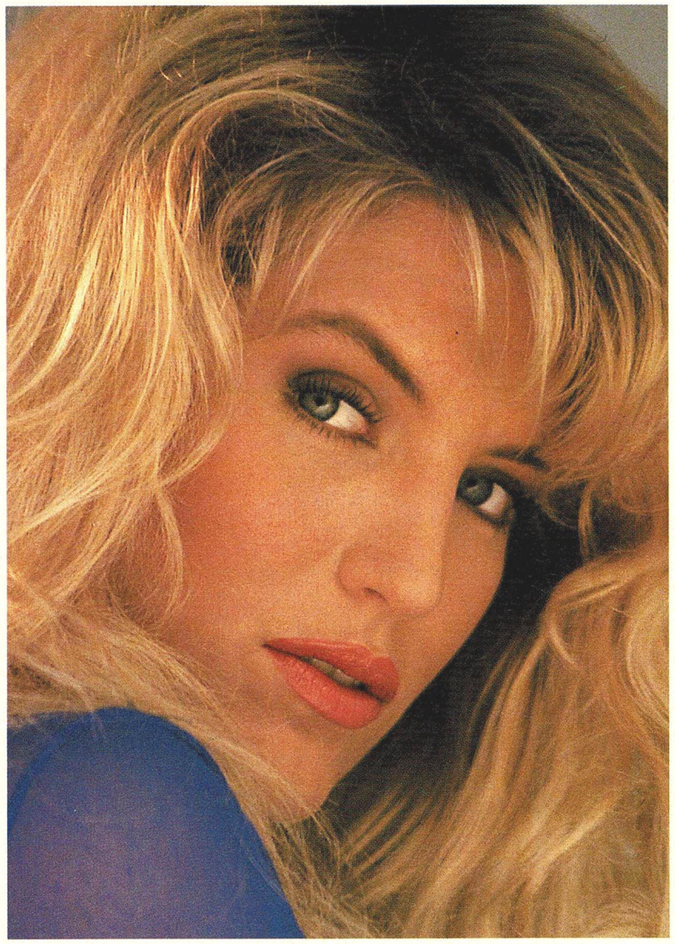
Body Sculpture

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

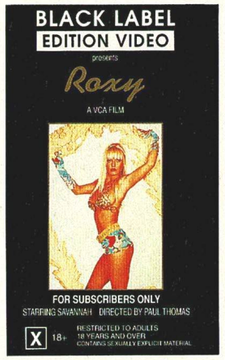


Jennifer Stevenson is probably one of the fittest woman around today. The blue-eyed 24-year-old is an aerobics instructor who also teaches the fitness side of white-collar boxing.

Roxy

X

Starring Savannah, Jeanna Fine, Buck Adams, Rachel Ryan, Taylor Wane, Mike Horner and Marc Wallace.



There is no doubt about it, director Paul Thomas knows how to make a good skin-flick. He has the good sense not to let the high-quality locations and editing intrude on what is a hard-core suck and fuck fest. The action starts with a fiery screwing delivered by Buck Adams to the insatiable Rachel Ryan who likes to fuck like a fish likes water. Enter Savannah — the most fuckable woman to ever to spread her legs before a camera. The blonde goddess will gladly dip her tongue into the honeybox of any woman who'll lay down long enough and when she ends up working as a secretary for Buck Owens, she proves that no-one takes dick-tation better. The highlights of this finely made movie include a sizzling fantasy suck session between Savannah and Jeanna Fine who has a body that'll stir even the most jaded member of the viewing public. Also watch for Taylor Wane a sultry brunette who takes it from behind with an as yet unencountered enthusiasm. Mike Horner and Marc Wallace perform their supporting reamers roles admirably and although the action tends to get a bit patchy, it's hot, horny and'll push you ever the edge quicker than a double-headed blowjob. **Rating:** O—▨ O—▨ O—▨

Bunz Eye

X

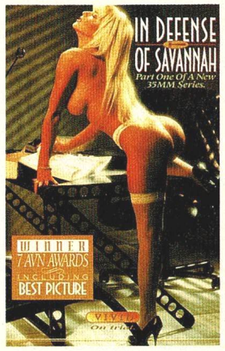
Rosebud productions. Starring Mai Lin, Nikki Sin and Persia.

This new release is very unusual. For a start, there's no tedious music bopping along in the background, what you get are the very natural and exciting sounds of explicit sex — something many X-rated directors tend to forget as they lay down "borrowed" moans and groans in the edit suite after filming. There are some very fair-dinkum orgasms had in this fuck-fest which simply roams through four separate vignettes without bothering with the obligatory bridging that plots necessitate. The opening scene introduces a bloke by the name of Sean Michaels who is huge, flexible and disconcertingly double-jointed. How he manages to fit it all into the petite Asian orifice of the perennial Mai Lin is truly magical and guaranteed to excite the most ho-hum video watchers. The next scene features Nikki Sin, Anisa, Dallas St Claire and Persia in what could only be described as a Tupperware party gone very wrong. Here they are, these four gorgeous middle-aged women sitting around the coffee table when for no apparent reason they all fling their clothes off and in a cellulitic celebration of sisterhood begin to perform some unspeakable acts on each other. A truly memorable scene amongst women who really care about each other. **Rating:** O—▨ O—▨

In Defense of Savannah

X

Vivid Video. Starring Savannah, Peter North, Brit Morgan and Scott Irish.



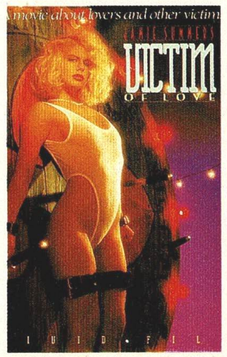
Winner of 7 AVN awards including Best Picture; filmed on 35mm like the real things from Hollywood and starring the gorgeous Savannah. The box cover flew off this one quicker than the lid on the Vaseline jar. This is the X-rated video industry's long-awaited parody of the US judicial system which allows producers to go to jail for selling their products in certain states. The plot is true to life, the lighting is superb, the sets are okay, the editing is crisp and the whole thing is totally believable. Savannah defies description. All recently acquired notions of political correctness, affirmative action and non-sexual stereotyping dissipate in the presence of this cherub-faced, shapely young blonde guaranteed to cause a shameless erection and a slow dribble down the side of one's mouth. Savannah and Peter North perform an excruciatingly sex-saturated scene in a spectacularly lit stairwell. There's masturbation in a wheel chair, anal sex in a hospital bed and to top it off this fine film offers the discerning viewer a remarkable lesson in the US censorship debate.

Rating: O—▨ O—▨ O—▨

Victim of Love

X

Vivid Video. Starring Jamie Summers and Christy Canyon. Directed by Paul Thomas.

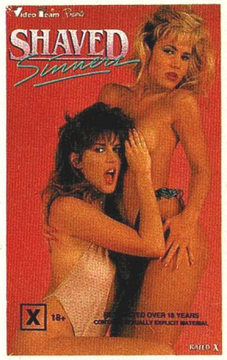


It's taken a while but Paul Thomas' experience in the industry is now starting to show and this film has some great acting as well as some novel advice on how to have an affair.
Basically, bring the mistress and the wife together and hey presto. *Victim of Love* is a blow by blow description of how to accomplish this *tete-a-tete*. Christy Canyon is the wife and the opening sex scene shows us why she earned her name. This girl has a cavernous mouth (at least 9 inches from tooth to tonsil) and a pubic region which could plausibly see her renamed as the Grand Canyon. Her large and pendulous breasts have the extraordinary ability to rotate 30 degrees in opposite directions at great speed as she is taken from behind by her husband Mickey Ray in one of the opening scenes. This is a terrific turn-on not only for the raw sexuality but for the danger that exists for Ms Canyon if one of her orbital breasts slipped out of sync with the other. The resulting impact would surely rip her head off. If you liked Jamie Summers in *The Brat* series a few years ago, you'll be very happy about her part in this film. She gets better as she gets older and her love scene on the roof of a prominent L.A. building is as good as either Sharon Stone or Kim Basinger could deliver under X-rated circumstances. **Rating:** O—▨ O—▨

Shaved Sinners

X

Vivid Team. Starring Dana Lynn, Laurel Canyon, Max De Longue and Ron Jeremy.

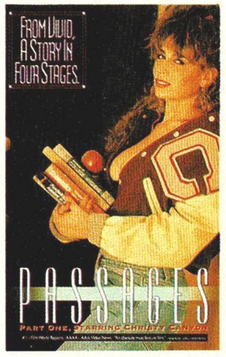


In one of the best sideways plugs for Gillette since they bought the company, the oldest porn star in the business; the over-weight, very ugly and extremely hirsute Ron Jeremy plays "Dirty Hairy" a back-woods cretin who has erstwhile conversations with his dick. Predictably Dirty Hairy has a fetish for shaved pussy and when a hapless group of young orieteerers end up in his lair, we're in for a shave-a-thon.
Not a lot of plot to this one but if you are an aficionado of shaving or just starting to get the follicle fetish this video will serve as one of the best instruction manuals you could hope to get with long and detailed labial shavings of a French maid to guide you. This video like an increasing number these days is packaged in a plastic tray inside a cardboard box unlike the traditional hard plastic boxes that we have been used to for a few years. The tray is ill-fitting, flimsy and poor protection for the tape if stored under any weight and it would be a bad move if local distributors were considering this kind of packaging as a replacement for the traditional box. **Rating:** O—▨

Passages

X

Vivid Video. Starring Christy Canyon, Jennifer Stewart, Blake Palmer and Marc Wallace.

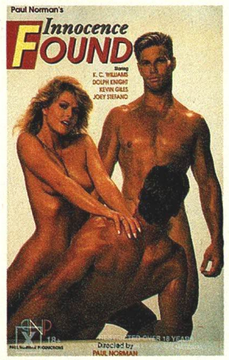


Just when you think you might begin to tire of the "holesome" Ms Canyon, on this offering consider the following remarkable thing: the fact that the X-rated medium has placed itself firmly in the vanguard of women's lib by embracing the fulsome and even plump female form as the new "goddess". Christy Canyon would never win a beauty contest and would have to lose three stone in weight to become any sort of a model but she oozes sex through every pore of her body and fucks like a crazed animal. *Passages* is a film which explores many of the touchy, feely things that we all go for before full-on adult sex. For instance, there's a beautifully crafted sex education scene between two girls where they examine the differences between their genitals, imitate a blow-job using their fingers and attempt to fuck each other doggie-style. Later on we are treated to a very steamy masturbation sequence with boyfriend and girlfriend in a grotty old back alley — a familiar scene around Kings Cross or Fitzroy on any Friday night.
This is very hot stuff and a welcome relief from the old in and out, hammer and dong of less creative movies.
Rating:
O—▨ O—▨ O—▨

Innocence found

X

Paul Norman Productions. Starring K.C. Williams, Dolph Knight and Joey Stefallo. Directed by Paul Norman.

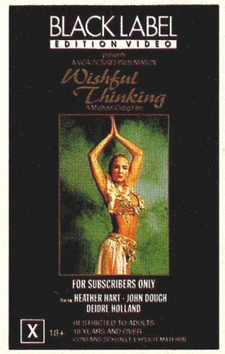


After Helmut Newton, Paul Norman deserves the title of King of Kink. The man who has brought you X-rated versions of Siamese twins, hermaphrodites, dwarfs, politicians and other weirdos over the past ten years has built a strong reputation in this field but this bi-sexual romp flops like a piece of old rump steak. The opening scene is awkward and unbelievable mainly because the two male actors (Dolph Knight and Kevin Giles) are gay and are clearly not excited by the delectable Mona Lisa whom they are trying to screw. Mona has tits that have more silica in them than a roomful of windows and fingernails that look like chook's claws. Then there's that awful department store muzak relentlessly droning on in the background. Next we see Buck Adams (a better double for Paul Hogan you'll never see) being given a rousing blowjob in his sleep by K.C. Williams. He must have taken a bottle of Mandrax the night before to sleep through this one. The movie's saving grace is a very natural and spirited root on the couch by Madison. Despite two very limp performances by her obviously gay male suitors, this scene (complete with condoms and some absolutely foul language by the diminutive Madison) makes the film almost worth watching. **Rating:** O—▨

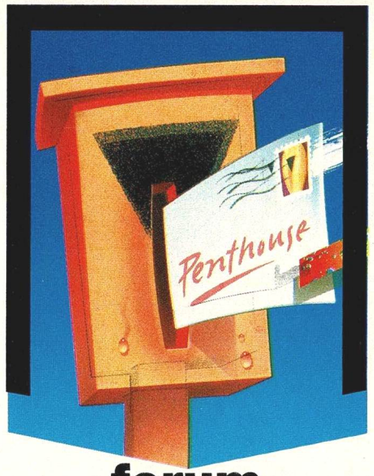
Wishful Thinking

X

VCA video. Starring Deidre Holland, Heather Hart, Porsche Lynn, John Dough.



Viewing this tape it is easy to see why director Michael Craig is constantly picking up awards for his innovative, erotic and highly explicit films. *Wishful Thinking* is no exception with close to 90 minutes of the hottest, well-produced erotic video on the market today. The plot revolves around an antique trunk which contains a magic lamp which when rubbed produces a genie in the shape of the homely, yet delectable, Heather Hart. The rather bewildered John Dough is the recipient of the three wishes which are constantly interrupted by the genie who is just itching to relieve the sexual frustration of being trapped in a lamp for several millenia. The film features nine red-hot sex scenes that'll guarantee a few blisters on both your VCR and your hands. Deidre Holland is stunning in her role as the antique store owner and she is set to become one of the biggest erotica stars of the future. Holland has a body that'll stir the loins of anyone who catches even the merest glimpse of her and with the passing of almost every scene she appears in she begins to look more and more like a dead ringer for Rebecca DeMornay. This film is sublime in its eroticism.
Rating: O—▨ O—▨ O—▨



forum

Continued from page 8

out a moan of lusty satisfaction. I thrust a little further into her and slowly pulled out again, but Danielle put an end to this foolish toying. She wrapped her arms around my back, pulled me close and growled, "I said fuck me! Fuck me now!"

I didn't argue. I fucked her hard, thrusting and plunging into her, sliding my rigid cock into her cunt again and again. Dani clutched at my shirt, pulling it open so that our bodies could make full contact. Her breasts pushed into my chest, our tummies slid in the sweat and our thighs were wrapped together as my harder-than-steel cock plunged repeatedly into her sopping vagina.

I closed my eyes and grunted as she stroked my back with her nails. All I could feel was her hot, wet cunt around my prick, her arse and thighs around my balls, our sweat all over our bodies, her breath on my cheek and her voice low in my ear, "Yes. Fuck me. Slide your thick cock into my wet pussy! Oh fuck me! Come inside me! Squirt your hot come into my soaking wet cunt!"

Well, this blew me away. My sweet lady, Danielle, talking filth in my ear as we fucked together and a hundred students sat learning just metres away. I couldn't hold back, spurt after spurt of come filled the condom and I collapsed onto Dani's hot body. Flushed, sweaty and nearly exhausted we dressed, slipped back into the corridor and went to meet our friends. — *Name and address withheld*

Train tryst

Sue, my girlfriend, and I had been up on the central coast of NSW for a couple of days, so that she could take part in a netball tournament with her team.

After a few drinks following the game, we boarded the train at Gosford station to head home to Sydney. It was the last train back to the city and we were in a carriage all by ourselves.

Firstly, let me describe Sue: very well built, a classic model, super fit, tall, well-tanned and with curves in all the right places. She was wearing a light-blue, see-through blouse and a split-to-the-thigh skirt that hung just above her knees.

As the train pulled out of the station, Sue said that we should have stayed at our motel for one more night because she "felt extremely horny after an evening's drinking and just wanted to be fucked and fucked." Sue's the type of girl who says things like that.

A little disappointed, she nestled into the seat and began to relax. Feeling quite horny myself, I wasn't about to relax. I wanted to play. I started to undo a couple of buttons on Sue's blouse when she said, "Don't, someone might see us." I assured her that it would be all right and that I only wanted to slide a hand in and caress those beautiful tits and play with her nipples. She agreed, saying, "And that's all you'll do."

After about ten minutes, Sue's eyes were closed and she was asleep. Not being one to pass up an opportunity when placed in front of me, I slowly and gently began to rub up the side of her leg where the split in her skirt was, whilst also teasing her nipples with the other hand.

My hand began to rub harder as I became aroused. I softly moved up the inside of her legs towards the "bat cave".

The train slowed as we approached Hornsby station and I stopped in case someone got on. Someone did.

This sultry looking young thing enters our carriage and, of all places, sits straight across from us.

After the train started again, Sue moved around in her seat, put her left leg up onto the foot rail, her head on my shoulder and promptly fell fast asleep.

This situation suited me actually, as I could fulfil one of my fantasies; touching up my girl up in the presence of another girl whom we didn't know.

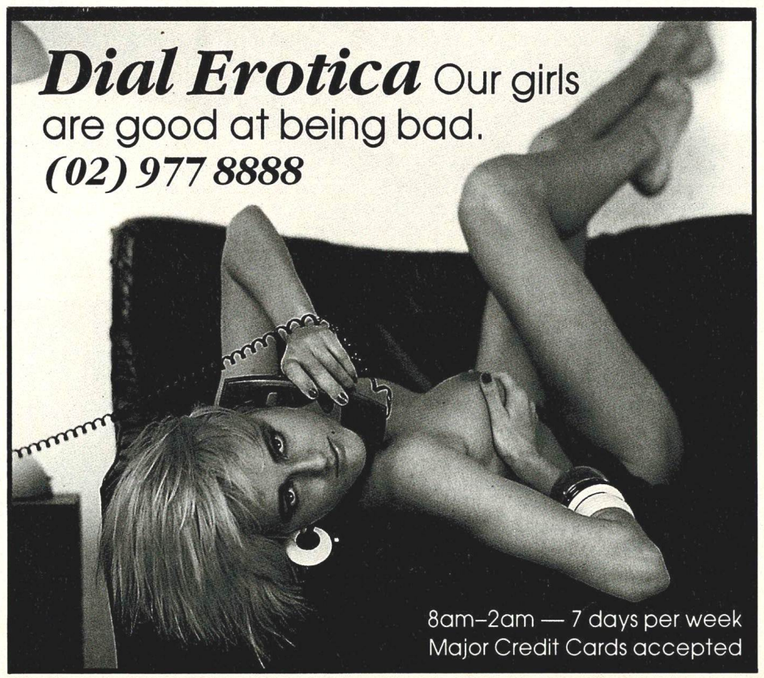
Her raised left leg gave me the freedom to put my left hand up under her skirt and massage her pussy. I slowly began with a gentle rub on the inside of her leg again and edged up to her cave, all the time looking down through the buttons that were still undone. I noticed her nipples began to harden the more I brushed my fingers over her hot pussy.

Meanwhile, I nonchalantly looked over at the other girl. She was gorgeous. She was wearing a pink boob-tube and a tight pair of jeans. She had long blonde hair and good size tits that I really wanted to nibble on.

While watching her and popping my girl, I began to fatten up quickly. Then, as she turned a page of the magazine in which she was entirely engrossed, I noticed the page facing us had a picture of a girl sucking on a bloke's cock.

She had been sitting there all this time reading a porno. This pushed me even further ahead. I now slowly stroked on Sue's cunt, pushing two fingers in and out and, at the same time — being careful not to have her notice what was going on — started rubbing my cock through my jeans.

All the time I was watching this girl. I could see her nipples hardening against her top and noticed her sneaking the occasional look at us. I rubbed my cock, which now stood up like a Nazi salute.



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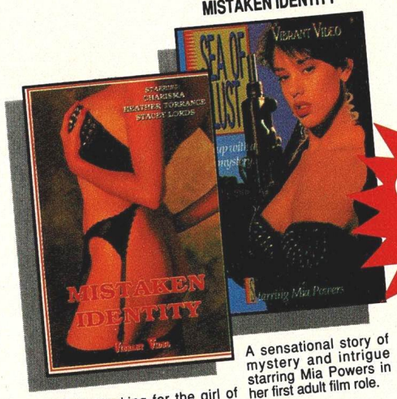

They're looking for the girl of the year, but when Brandy gets confused with Mandy, nobody knows who's up who!

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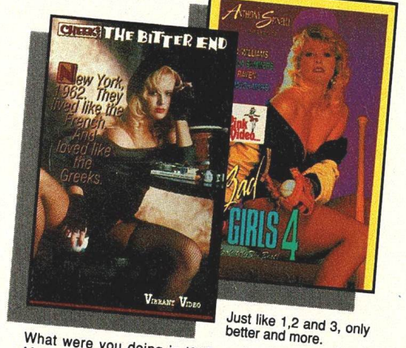
AU08 BAD GIRLS 4 & CHEEKS 2 - THE BITTER END



What were you doing in '62? Meet the gang at the Bitter End coffee House. They lived like the French. Loved like the Greeks.

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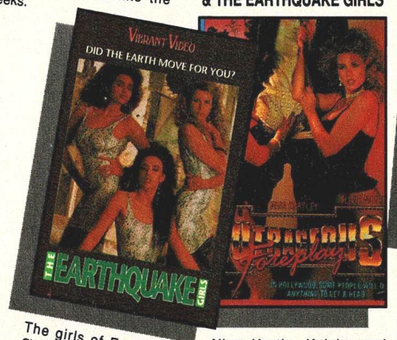
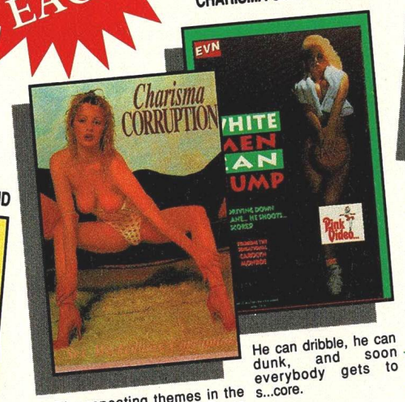
AU09 OUTRAGEOUS FOREPLAY & THE EARTHQUAKE GIRLS



The girls of Earth Quake guarantee to make the earth move for you too!

Nina Hartly, Keisha and many more of your favorites get "a head" in the film world.

AU10 WHITE MEN CAN HUMP & CHARISMA CORRUPTION



The repeating themes in the dark, steamy world of Bruce Seven erotica. All making their appearance in Corruption, in which Bruce, the master of murkiness chose Charisma, adult's nastiest superstar to fulfil all of his wildest, seamiest fantasies.

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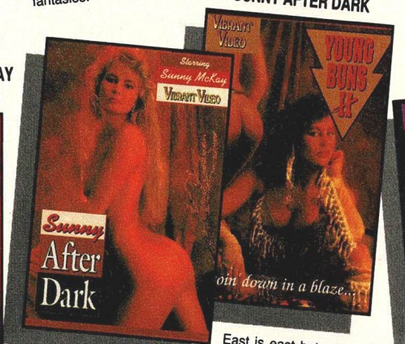
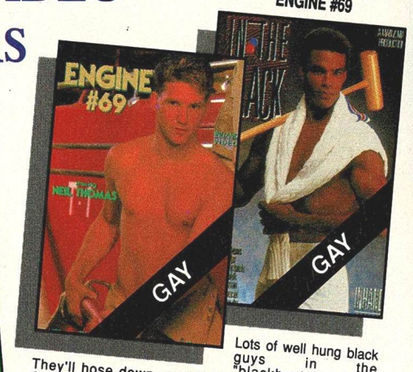
AU11 YOUNG BUNS 2 & SUNNY AFTER DARK



Beautiful Australian sex star, Sunny McKay and a host of American sex queens show off their talents and charms, before dark . . . after dark and at all times in between.

East is east but west is wild and hot: no wonder with desperadoes like Dirty Alice (Springs), Sweet Stacy (Bell) and Talia The Kid (James) on the loose and looking for loaded guns!

AU12 IN THE BLACK & ENGINE #69



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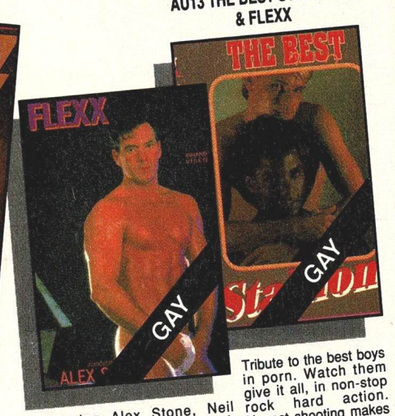
Pink Video...

AU13 THE BEST STALLIONS & FLEXX



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- ❑ AU10 WHITE MEN CAN HUMP & CHARISMA CORRUPTION
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I eased my fingers out of Sue and let out a couple of slow moans.

Suddenly our fellow passenger stood up and came over to the seat directly in front of us and sat down, all without uttering a single word. She stared down at my jeans and could see my hard cock. Still without speaking, she leaned forward, knelt in front of me, took out my cock and began to suck, lick and chew on it.

Very quietly, this beautiful stranger dropped her jeans to her ankles and squatted over my cock. Looking me in the eye, she held her pussy apart and lowered herself onto my cock. Just as she started to quicken the tempo, Sue began to move around. "This will be nice," I thought. "How can I talk my way out of this one?"

All of a sudden, Sue's hand grabs mine and pushes it back under her dress and into her very wet pussy. Unbelievable I know, but true.

My heart stopped, she opened her eyes, smiled and said, "You'll have to teach me how to suck Stan's cock like that, Julie."

I spoke up, "What's this? You mean to tell me you know each other?"

"Oh, yes!" Sue said. "Very well actually. Julie plays netball for our reserve grade team. You see, we planned this very carefully.

"Julie got the train before us to Hornsby and just waited for us. But once on the train, the play changed a bit as you were already finger-fucking me." Needless to say, the three of us went back to my place and fucked each other until the next day.

Now I never withhold telling Sue about any of my fantasies. — *Name and address withheld*

Kinky correspondence

I received this letter from my girlfriend while I was away on a hiking trip. I had borrowed her sleeping bag and in it I found the note attached to a pair of smooth, delicious-smelling panties. The note read:

"I was wearing these panties while I dreamed of you touching me and I yearned to hold you in my arms and tell you how right it feels when we make love and how exciting it is to look at you — long and lean and handsome.

"It's so exciting when I unzip your pants and find your stiff cock ready and waiting. My fingers find the head of your cock and circle it with a light touch. Its tip has a drop of delicious liquid on it, and my thumb spreads it all around the slippery, hard head. I love that pre-come. You're so sexy. I want you to come on my breasts. I want you to give me that special gift of yourself that means so much to me. I want to rub your come on my chest and have it inside me — I'll dip my fingers in it later and smell it, bringing back the memories of the love we shared together.

"So I take your cock in my mouth and suck on it gently to build the excitement. Back and forth, harder and faster, you pump my face, grasping me by the hair and pulling my head against your body with your wonderful hands. And then the release — you pull me away even though I don't want to stop, but you're ready now. I open my eyes to watch your cock slide out of my mouth, waving in front of me like a proud flag.

The moment has come. One of my hands lovingly holds your shaft while the other rubs and circles your balls, which have pulled up close to your body. We look into each other's eyes as you release your come. The hot, white liquid spurts onto my waiting tongue and down my throat, running all over my hands. We reach for each other in love, secure in the knowledge that we have always been meant for each other.

"And so these panties are soaked with my love juices that are meant for you. Just know that I'm waiting and yearning for your return." — *Name and address withheld*

Birthday boy

This particular night was a special occasion — my boyfriend Charles' birthday; and rather than go out on the town, I planned a special romantic evening at my place.

I wore my favourite "little black dress" with buttons down the front. Because it was made of lycra I didn't wear any underwear. The stage was set and right on time Charles rang the door bell.

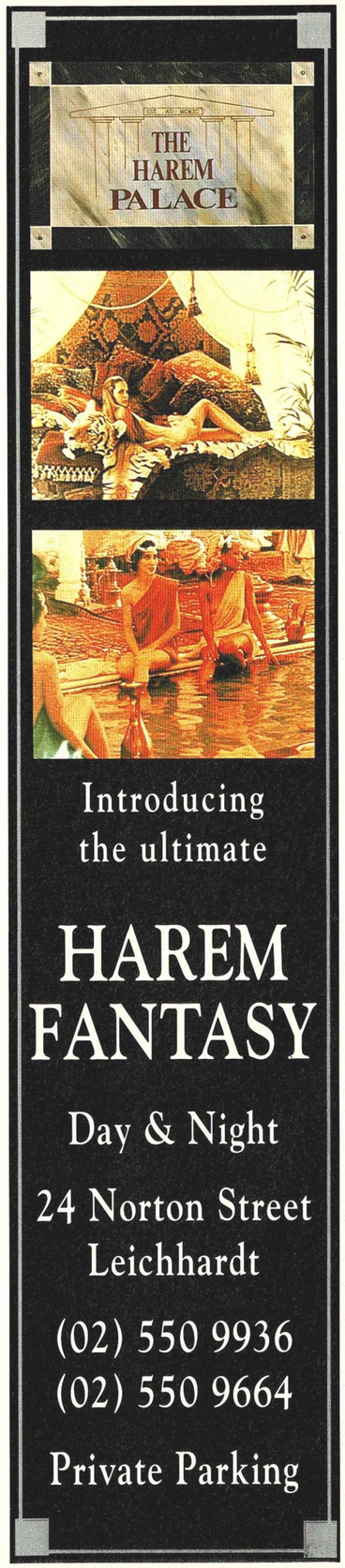
I opened the door and offered him my cheek and gave him a hug, making sure he felt every curve. Returning my hug, his hands automatically went to my arse (he really enjoyed fondling it) and a knowing smile came to his face. He knew something was different about how it felt but didn't say anything.

I showed him in and we went and sat on the settee. The champagne was chilled just right. I poured him a glass and as I handed it to him with one hand, my other hand was gently stroking the nape of his neck.

He put the glass down and cupped my face in his hands and started kissing me. He knew I liked being kissed and teased so he proceeded to do so.

After a few minutes I got up, took his hand in mine and led him to the dining room where our meal was ready and waiting. As he sat down, I went to the stereo and turned it on.

I was still standing by the stereo when Charles approached me. No words were spoken between us, none were needed, we were so in tune with each other. He



put the volume up slightly and led me back to the lounge. He sat down and made himself comfortable, then, every so quietly, he said, "Dance for me."

I was a little taken aback, because this was the first time he had asked me to do this. I quickly regained my composure and feeling a little shy, yet daring because of the champagne I drank earlier, I slowly began to sway, moving rhythmically to the music. As I got into it and became more confident, I decided to undress for him, excited at the prospect of where it would eventually lead.

Swaying to the music, I approached him and started unbuttoning my dress. I tried to make each movement as seductive as I could.

When I finally unfastened the last button, I looked him in the eyes and let the dress slide from my body.

I sat on him with my legs spread either side of him and started kissing him, my hands working on his manhood. It was erect, as stiff as straight vodka, and ready to be let loose.

I unzipped his pants and I started massaging it, my hand slowly sliding up and down and making him moan with pleasure. He stood up and slowly took off all his clothes. Standing there naked with him, I went down on my knees and started to suck his cock. This pleased him immensely, encouraging me to do more than just suck. I started to nip, bite and eat him.

This excited him even more and he started thrusting himself in and out of my mouth slowly at first, then quickly, until he exploded.

I fell back to the floor waiting for him to join me. Instead he bent over, picked me up and took me to the bedroom. He placed me on the bed and then went to the dresser draw and took out four satin ribbons.

He placed the ribbons beside me and started to gently caress my body with his hands, then his tongue, starting at my face working his way down my neck to my breasts.

His mouth began to lick and nibble my nipples. He brought both my breasts together, took both nipples into his mouth and started to nibble and suck on them.

This drove me crazy and I arched myself towards him, letting him know I wanted him inside me. But he wasn't ready yet.

He then stopped and whispered, "Close your eyes." I did. I trusted him implicitly and knew he wouldn't do anything to hurt me.

He took my wrist and tied it to the bedpost. Then he did the same with my other wrist and my ankles.

Slowly, he started moving his tongue down the rest of my body. Once he got to my womanhood, he opened the lips with his fingers and started caressing my clit; first in circles then up and down.

I started to shake uncontrollably, and seeing my reaction he continued.

With his other hand he untied my wrists and he quickly replaced his finger with his tongue.

I arched my body towards him and brought my hands to the back of his head, pushing his face further into my own little patch of furry heaven.

Charles was driving me wild. I had never been to such heights with a man. I managed to grip his penis with my teeth, and started to bite and nibble on it.

We continued for a few more seconds and then he entered me fully and forcefully, thrusting himself in and out until we climaxed.

He untied my ankles and after a few minutes of lying in the afterglow of love, sex, lust, whatever you want to call it, he lifted me from the bed and carried me to the bathroom.

He sat me down in the spa and then turned on the water. He left me for a couple of minutes and when he returned he was carrying the champagne bottle and glasses. He joined me in the spa, turned off the water and poured us both a drink.

We relaxed in the spa, made small talk and let the water lap gently around us. We drank our champagne until the bottle was almost empty. Charles took the glass from my hand and told me to close my eyes again.

This time he gently started caressing my whole body. I searched and found his penis and started stroking until it was rigid. I then got up and sat on top of him. He squeezed my boobs and flicked the nipples while kissing my neck.

He then moved one hand to my arse and with his finger started to caress the crack while his other hand stroked my clit. Once again I started to shake and moan with pleasure.

We carried on like this for a few seconds and then I mounted him. He was inside me and I rode him until we climaxed once again.

He gently lifted me from him and got up, carrying me back to the bed. This time I tied him up and was determined to drive him to the point of no return.

He was struggling and I could tell he wanted to get to me. But I made sure I tied him up securely and continued to do things to him with my hands, my mouth and my body.

When I eventually untied him, he flung me to the ground and no sooner had he penetrated me than his eyes closed in the pleasure of climax.

I kissed him passionately and got up to go to the bathroom to have a shower. He followed me and watched me as I showered.

Once I finished, he took one of the two bath towels from the rack and started to dry me making sure to rub every part of my body.

When he finished he wrapped me in the bath towel. He quickly took a shower and dried himself off.

Kissing and touching each other lovingly, we slowly walked back to the dining room to face a delicious, if somewhat, spoiled dinner. — *Name and address withheld*

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BLACK LABEL EDITION

forum

Paradise beach

What a holiday I have had. I first noticed her on the train. She was small with strawberry-blonde hair and fair skin. Anyway, I started talking to her and before long, had gotten her phone number and agreed to meet. I could hardly wait.

We met a few days later and went down to the beach, in a fairly secluded spot.

Our conversation turned to sex. She was very inexperienced sexually and as keen as a bean to be "worldly". She said she hoped to gain some more experience; to which I was happy to oblige. I gave her a little peck on the lips and as she seemed to have no objections, I leaned over her and kissed her deeply. She tasted good and she must have thought the same about me because she pushed her tongue deep into my mouth. I kissed her neck and then gently touched her breasts. I slipped her blouse off to find that her breasts were perfect: full with large, pink nipples.

I stroked them gently, watching as her nipples hardened. Then I sucked them into tiny points, watching her squirm with pleasure.

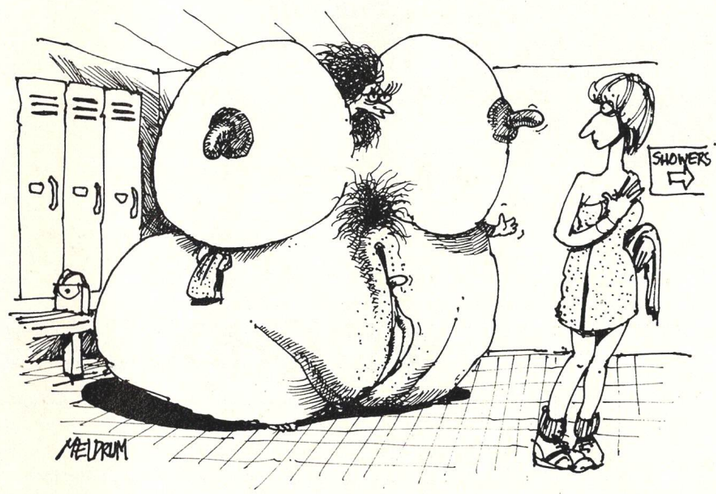
I slowly began stroking her legs. She grabbed me and kissed me deeply, urgently. I decided that was invitation enough and slipped off her skirt and undies. She looked delicious stretched out in the hot sun — she was small with a bit of muscle, beautiful breasts and furry pussy. I spread her legs and slid my fingers delicately along her slit, toying with her wet labia before spreading her lips wide so I could view the glistening pinkness of her pussy. The sight made my cock throb in response and I couldn't resist a little taste. I pressed my face to her slit and, spreading her lips wide, feasted hungrily on her hot little twat. She gasped and whimpered and her lower body trembled as I worked her pussy into a lather.

She laid back smiling, watching me undress. She reached up to my hard cock, which grew another inch as she gently squeezed it. Wasting no time, she guided me to the entrance of her dripping pussy. God, it was beautiful. I slid the tip up and down her slit.

Tight, warm, like hot oil, she drew me in inch by inch. I slid in and out slowly, anxious to please her and prolong the pleasure, but it wasn't long before I found her rhythm and we began screwing each other harder and harder. The smell of her sex and sweat, as well as the wind and the waves, seemed to spur us onward and upward.

I held her tightly and rolled her on top of me so I could watch her enjoying herself. She looked at me with a big smile. I felt her milking me with her pussy, meeting my every stroke, anxious to return the pleasure she was getting. I felt my orgasm building and though I tried to make it last, her tight hold on me made it impossible to resist. I exploded inside her, her tight pussy sucking me dry.

It was the most delicious orgasm I can remember. — *Name and address withheld*



"What I hate, is the way men treat you like some kind of sex object, all the time..."

Lights, camera, action

One sunny afternoon, not so long ago, my husband came home with a great idea. He wanted to make a video of us making love. I hated the idea and told him that I wasn't about to have our intimate moments recorded. He seemed to accept the fact and said no more about it. Strangely, he disappeared down to the garage straight away.

My curiosity got the better of me when, about one hour later, he had not come inside. I went into the dark building and had trouble seeing, having just come from the bright sunlight outside.

My husband was reclining on a sunlounge with only a towel draped over his midriff. When I approached him, he said slyly, "What kept you? I've been waiting for you to get down here."

He slowly dragged the towel away from his body and revealed his manhood standing to erection. I have to admit that I have never seen his member so thick or so strong.

I went and knelt beside him and caressed his pulsating member. As I did, he fondled my ample breasts through the material of my shirt, undoing the buttons one by one. His hand then went to the button on my skimpy shorts. He was groaning as he slowly unzipped them and told me to stand and remove them.

Naked from the waist down, I straddled the lounge and sat on his chest. He grabbed me from behind and shoved his tongue into my dripping cunt. I started moving to and fro, as if riding a horse, and my husband increased the tempo, nibbling my clit every now and then.

I stripped off my shirt and released my tits into my husband's waiting hands. He stuffed them into his hungry mouth, roughly chewing the very erect nipples. This sent shivers down my back. I moved off his slippery chest and reached back to give his prick some attention.

Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

The Australian Penthouse binder is now available.

It is crafted in fine silver material and blocked in gold, making an attractive means of protecting your Penthouse collection.

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BLACK LABEL EDITION forum

I wrapped my hand around his pulsating tool and we quickly moved into a 69 position. I grabbed some ice from the bucket nearby and shoved it in my mouth, then lowered my cunt to his waiting mouth. When he was otherwise engaged, I slipped his cock into my frozen mouth. The resulting explosion nearly choked me, but the moaning was worth it.

My husband then pushed me aside, grabbed some thin rope and spread a blanket on the work bench. He sat me on the edge of the bench and tied my hands to the wall bracket. He then tied my feet to the legs of the bench.

Out of one bucket he grabbed a large banana and slowly peeled it in front of me. "You want to play games?" he asked.

I nodded, too excited to speak. He slowly traced the outline of my erect nipples with the frozen fruit, then traced the outline of my mouth. As I tried to bite the fruit, he gently slipped a finger into my dripping cunt. His thumb found my throbbing clit and soon brought me to the edge of an orgasm. He stopped what he was doing and slipped the banana into the ice bucket and licked my tunnel clean. I tried to thrust against his mouth but he held back.

When he was satisfied that I was ready, he grabbed the banana and slowly placed it into my steaming cunt. He then started nibbling my clit. The resulting sensation of an ice-cold fruit fuck and my husband's talented mouth on my clit gave me the best and longest orgasm I have ever experienced. To top it all off, he fucked me like there was no tomorrow.

After the event, he showed me where he had hidden the camera. We often watch the video of the afternoon when things are bad and it reminds us of the fantastic time we had. — *Name and address withheld*

Rubbing off

My wife Serena and I are an attractive couple in our early forties. We have an open marriage, but since the AIDS scare, we stopped all of our outside sexual contacts.

As it turned out, the safe-sex movement has given us a wonderful new lease on our sex lives. We can enjoy our old extramarital sexual adventures in a new, more creative way.

Last August, our good friend Rob came to visit for a week. On the day before his departure, after a shared lunch of gourmet food and fine wine, we stepped out into our secluded patio and spontaneously stripped off our clothing. Rob set up my wife's portable massage table next to the hot tub to relax and look out across our lawn at the peaceful, pine-covered mountains.

Once on her stomach, Serena was clearly in ecstasy. She was aroused and squirming gently under Rob's masculine touch. Then she rolled over onto her back and moaned as his strong hands worked the lavender-scented massage oil into her smooth legs. He continued downward, then paused long enough to suck each of Serena's toes. The flaming red nail polish glistened with his saliva.

After five minutes or so, Rob asked her if she would feel comfortable with him manually stimulating her slit. She rolled onto her stomach again and nodded. He slipped a hand beneath her to grab her mound of hair, then petted her clit until she responded with the aroused, mewing sigh of a sex kitten under her master's firm hand.

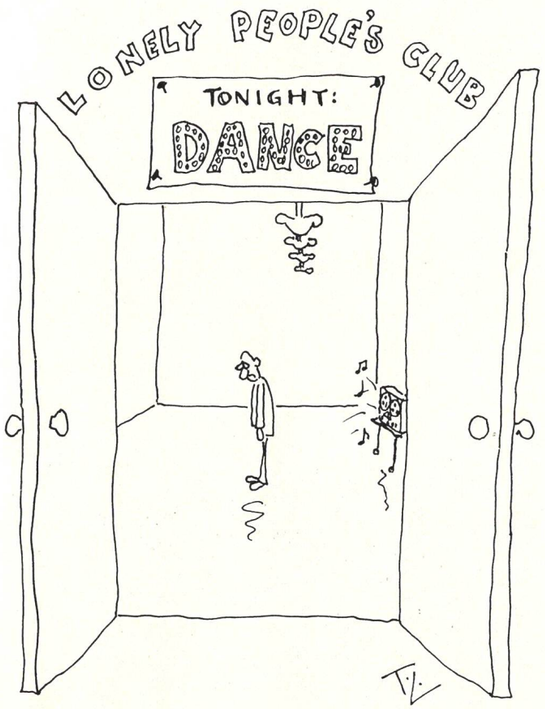
Rob reached over to the paper bag on the patio table, pulled out a pair of rubber surgical gloves and slipped them on. Then he politely asked her if he could continue to masturbate her until she had an orgasm. She said yes, but then remembered that I was there. She turned her head and looked at me for unquestioning approval.

What could I say? I supported her adventure in paradise. "Don't let me stop you," I said. "Please, enjoy yourselves — you look so wonderful together. And if you don't mind, I'll watch and masturbate myself."

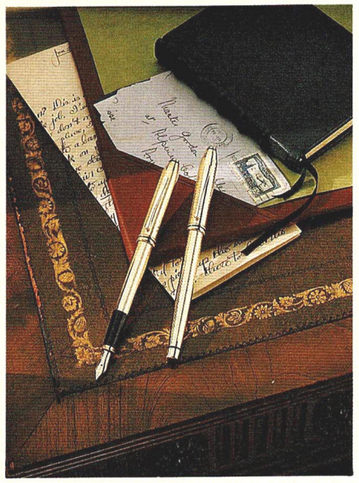
They seemed to ignore me and continued their frenzied play. Serena moaned louder and louder as she approached climax. Rob continued to jiggle her clit, then he parted her lips and slipped a gloved finger into her. Of course, my cock was rock-hard. I masturbated vigorously, pulling at my foreskin, close to climax, then stopped to watch the amazing scene before me.

There was nothing I could do then, because the inevitable, explosive finale of Rob's erotic massage arrived. In an instant, Serena came in spasms. She let out a long sigh of warm, satisfied air.

As this happened, I began to explode myself. A fountain of milky come arced into the air over the hot tub for all to see! By now, poor Rob was just about bursting at the seams, but I'll save that for another letter. — *Name and address withheld*



loose ends



Cross Your Heart

Cross, the world's most respected name in fine writing instruments, is bringing back the style and elegance of the 1930's with the release of the Art Deco Townsend Collection. The new line of high quality Fountain pens and Rolling Ball Selectip pens feature a unique design first seen almost 60 years ago yet incorporate the most sophisticated writing technology of today. The pens, which are available in a variety of finishes including 18 and ten-carat rolled gold and black lacquer, retail from $199 and are available throughout Australia from major department stores, pen specialty stores and selected newsagents.

BEING IN IS OUT
What is cool in the Nineties? Nothing and everything. Today's youth doesn't listen to the dictates of marketing companies and advertisements. That's why Lee have released the "Original Lee Riders" range which enables everybody to express themselves whether they're ravers, headbangers, hippies, hip hoppers, groovers or, of course, simply themselves.

Pumping up tennis

Pump technology finally hits the tennis court. Reebok's Insta Pump Mid Match is the ultimate tennis shoe, combining performance and custom fit.
Traditionally, the Pump chambers were inside the shoe covered by leather. Now, the inflatable chambers are visible — they are the shoe.
Combine pump technology with Hy-Elvaloy and Hexalite midsole and you have the supreme tennis shoe for the really competitive player.

The spirit of Sweden

Initially distilled in Sweden for medicinal purposes, Absolut Vodka has been around since the 15th century. But it wasn't until 1879 that Lars Olsson Smith's distinctive drop achieved recognition as a quality spirit for recreational purposes. Pictured is the standard Absolut, arguably the purest vodka in the world; the Absolut Citron which is flavoured with natural citrus fruit extracts; and Absolut Peppar which is flavoured with Jalapeno peppers. Available from most good bottle shops.

Becoming a legend

Legend lighting equipment is approved for use aboard the space shuttle missions, so it must be good. The rechargeable flashlight is a boon for people who are sick of forking out for batteries. The nickel-cadmium batteries will provide up to 2½ hours of continuous running while the battery charger comes equipped with a 220-volt transformer and 12-volt cigarette lighter plug and mounting bracket.

On the Beach

To most people Coffs Harbour on the NSW Central Coast is a place on the road to somewhere else — a chance for a piss and coffee. Yet over the last few years Coffs has grown into a bustling tourist mecca in its own right. With white-water rafting, abseiling, four-wheel driving, parasailing and sprint karting, Coffs caters specifically for the adventure traveller. Pictured is Nautilus on the Beach, one of the world-class resorts located right by the surf. For information about Coffs call the Visitor's Centre on (066) 52 1522.

The Monster

The latest model released by the Italian motorcycle manufacture Ducati represents a radical departure from its traditional sports/racer look. Officially designated the 900M but nicknamed *Il Monstro* or the Monster for its barrel-chested, bare-knuckle appearance, it is already a runaway sales success in Europe. It is priced at $16,500 and more than half the first shipment that landed in July was pre-sold. For more information call Warren Lee at Frasers Motorcycles on (02) 764 3133.

Continued from page 21

marques I can think of, Australian car manufacturers tend not to emphasise passive safety ahead of active safety.

Research conducted by Holden confirms that crash avoidance features (anti-lock brakes, good steering and handling) benefit motorists more frequently than crash protection systems (seat belts, airbags, structural integrity) to the tune of, and this ratio will surprise many, 99:1.

Active and passive safety are not mutually exclusive and the car manufacturer is abrogating his responsibility to the consumer to neglect either.

At its Lang Lang Proving Ground, Holden conducts more than 200 crash barrier tests annually, including full frontal collisions, offset collisions, pole collisions, underside and oblique collisions. Side impact tests are also carried out.

Sparke also believes that there is a uniquely high risk of side collision in Australia due to our high number of uncontrolled intersections.

An examination of the causes of side impacts indicates that driver error is responsible for most crashes at intersections. Typically, says Sparke, younger drivers don't stop and older drivers pull out into the path of approaching traffic.

Hence there has been a greater emphasis on making occupants less vulnerable to the high-risk side collisions which are responsible for many head injuries.

Head injury is now a major social issue, replacing infectious disease as the prime cause of death of people under 45. There has been a dramatic increase in brain injury in the last decade, not as a result of increased accidents, but because of increased survival.

Out of the testing comes a bank of knowledge which will improve the vehicle structure of future models for collision energy management, provide friendlier interiors, and deliver more sophisticated occupant restraints.

Sparke agrees with overseas safety experts that a push for greater side-impact protection is imminent — side airbags are a possibility. "The improvements will be introduced progressively and as quickly as possible," Sparke said, adding that Holden won't be waiting for government legislation. "I would prefer Holden to set the standards."

And because crash avoidance is a complex relationship between the vehicle, the driver and the road environment, Holden is also considering potential driver training initiatives. The safest car in the world can still be a killing machine in the hands of an inept or inattentive driver. — *Peter McKay*

Pet Of The Month, Melissa Messina

INSIDE NOVEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Backlash — After more then 20 years of the most liberal censorship laws in Australian history, the pendulum is swinging back with fundamentalist religion finding a new ally in militant feminism. In next month's *Australian Penthouse* read how Australian censorship standards are changing.

Working Like A Dog — There are tens of thousands of working dogs in this country. These animals work a full shift before they lie down at the end of the day and they form the backbone of the stock, farming and security industries. In the November issue of *Australian Penthouse* see part two of the tribute to the working dogs of Australia.

Kickboxing — In our November issue, *Australian Penthouse* chronicles the glut of divisions, governing bodies and rules that threatens to tie the hands of one of the nation's most explosive sports: kickboxing

Pet Of The Month — November's Pet Of The Month is 19-year-old Melissa Messina whose body and piercing blue eyes guarantee that she 's never short of modelling work.

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The Intruder 1400 is the pinnacle of quality engineering in a bold, functional and classic form. A shining example of the Performing Arts of Suzuki. Performance in the form of a 82 cubic inch V-twin, 3 valve power-plant tuned to deliver not only sheer grunt, but also massive torque at any speed in any gear, with a deep rumble that speaks volumes about its inherent power. Art in the form of the gleaming chrome appeal, the genuine sewn saddle and the 36 degree raked fork that leans powerfully into the long, flowing lines of the Intruder's uncluttered simplicity. The Intruder 1400, one of the Performing Arts of Suzuki.

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